

PLUCK AND LUCK

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LOYAL TO THE LAST; OR, FIGHTING FOR THE STARS AND STRIPES.

*By GEN'L JAMES A GORDON.
AND OTHER STORIES*



"There is one man present, Col. Mosby, who is innocent of the charge preferred against him, and there he stands," pointing at Harold. "How do you know he is innocent?" the rebel chief, whom everyone else feared, asked her.

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LOYAL TO THE LAST

OR, FIGHTING FOR THE STARS AND STRIPES

By GEN'L JAS. A. GORDON

CHAPTER I.—In the Days of Slavery.

"Marse Lestrangle, doan' ask me fer ter do hit, fur de deah Lawd's sake! Doan' do hit, honey, doan' do hit. Put me in her place, mars-ter, an' take ebery drap of blood in his ole black buddy, but doan' ask me ter raise my han' ter strike de po' ole wife. We'se lived tergether for nigh fifty year, an' I can't do hit, I can't do hit."

With a bitter groan the poor old slave bowed his white head, while the cruel whip dropped from his trembling hand, almost at the overseer's feet. An oath burst from the anger-paled lips of Simon Lestrangle, the overseer at the Rainsford plantation, and snatching it up, he dealt him a savage cut across the shoulders.

"Do you dare disobey me, you infernal old scoundrel!" he shouted. "By heaven! I'll teach you who is the master here. Take that and that!" once more bringing the lash down on the bent back with such force as to draw blood. "Now will you obey me. Take this whip and give that old hag the lashing she deserves, or I'll cat-scratch you!"

The poor old woman, who was stripped to the waist, and tied to the whipping post, tried in vain to turn her head and look at her agonized husband.

"Oo hit, honey," she implored, the tears streaming down her wrinkled cheeks. "Do hit, honey, fur de dear Lawd's sake, an' fur yer own. Ole Dinah kin bear hit, she ain't afeard."

Once more poor heart-broken old Ned raised the whip on high, his face twitching in anguish, and then, with a hoarse sob, he dropped it again, falling upon his knees, the awful terror of the threatened cat-scratching having no effect whatever, though at any other time it would have filled him with dismay.

"Kill me, marster," he quavered—"kill me, for I can't do hit nohow!"

"I will kill you!" and, beside himself with rage, the overseer gave the kneeling slave a brutal kick. "Here, Jake—Louis—Tom, take this old black scoundrel and see that he gets a cat-scratching he will never forget!"

Though shivering with horror, they dared not disobey. Cat-scratching was the most fearful punishment that could be meted out to the unlucky slave who chanced to offend. He was stripped of his clothing, bound face downward,

while two large, fierce cats were tied together by the tails; then they were pulled in opposite directions along the victim's bare back. After that salt was rubbed into the smarting wounds. And that was to be poor old Ned's chastisement, all because he would not lash his faithful wife, with whom he had lived in peace and harmony for fifty years. The younger negroes were just dragging him away when a young man of twenty appeared upon the scene.

"What is the meaning of this?" he asked sternly of the overseer, his fair, handsome face flushed, his eyes flashing.

Simon Lestrangle looked at him mockingly, while a sneer played about his lips.

"It means that I am about to give this old wench a lashing," he replied very coolly, "and her interesting husband is also about to get a little taste of cat-scratching. That is all."

The youth was speechless with anger for an instant, and then he took a step forward, his hands clenched.

"How dare you whip one of the people of this plantation, Simon Lestrangle?" he demanded, passionately. "You know my father never allowed it, neither will I. I command you to release both Dinah and her husband this moment."

An insolent laugh burst from the overseer's lips, and he looked the young man over from his head to his feet.

"And may I ask when you became master here, Mr. Herbert Rainsford?" he asked, insolently. "You forget that I manage this plantation, and my word is law."

"I forget nothing, Simon Lestrangle," and Herbert Rainsford's blue eyes flashed dangerously. "But I do remember this—though you are now the overseer of this place, and at the same time my guardian, in one year more I shall be master here, and your reign of cruelty and neglect at an end. Then we shall see!"

"Don't be too sure, my fine rooster," was the coarse retort. "There's many a slip twixt the cup and the lip, and look out that your cup don't get smashed to bits before it reaches your lips. Things here go as I say, and if I want to lick an unruly nigger or two, I'm going to do it, that's mighty sure."

"Oh, that I were master here!" burst impetuously from the young heir. "My God! to think o' standing idly by and seeing my faith-

ful people literally flogged to death, and all because my poor, misguided father had faith in you, a man without a heart, without a soul, without a conscience! I, who am master, must listen to you, because the law says you are my guardian until I am twenty-one. It maddens me. Poor old Ned, poor old Dinah, the two faithfuls, who have served us for so long! Simon Lestrangle," suddenly facing him, while his eyes blazed like twin coals of fire, "you shall not flog these two faithful servants, for I will——"

"What can this mean, Mr. Lestrangle?" a fresh, girlish voice broke in, and the next moment a beautiful girl, of perhaps seventeen, appeared upon the scene. "Am I dreaming? What! Aunt Dinah about to be whipped—and Uncle Ned?"

The speaker, a girl of seventeen, fair and sweet as a white rose, looked from the mocking face of Simon Lestrangle to the angry, excited one of her brother. She was Virginia Rainsford, and she closely resembled her twin brothers, Herbert and Harold. The dainty white gown she wore was no whiter than her throat and arms, while in the golden curls falling over her shoulders the light of the sun seemed to have become entangled. Her eyes, brown and deep, as some woodland lake, now blazed with indignation.

"How dare you order Uncle Ned and Aunt Dinah whipped, Mr. Lestrangle, when you know how much poor, dear papa thought of them?" she asked breathlessly. "Explain yourself to me, if you please."

"There is nothing to explain, Miss Virginia," the overseer replied, his eyes resting greedily upon the girl's beautiful face, "only the wench needed a devilish good licking, and when that nigger Ned refused to lick her I ordered him cat-scratched. That's all there is to it."

"And did you dare do that, Mr. Lestrangle?" the girl exclaimed, aghast. "Herbert," turning to her brother, "will you allow this outrage to go on? Is there no way in which you can stop him? Think of it—Uncle Ned and Aunt Dinah being flogged!"

"My dear sister, if I could stop him how gladly would I do so," the young man replied, despairingly. "But as it is, I am powerless. You remember that the law—oh, that just law!—gives him another year to rule over us. Until I am twenty-one years of age he is master here, and Uncle Ned, Aunt Dinah—all of our faithful people—must suffer if he will it so. But in one more year—oh, happy thought!—Simon Lestrangle shall go forth from this plantation, and then right and not wrong shall rule."

He could have killed the man for the insulting laugh with which he answered him. His hot Southern blood boiled, and but for his sister's restraining hand upon his arm he would have knocked him down. At the same time he remembered that he was not in a position to incur the overseer's anger.

"Are you going to obey me, you black imps?" he roared, wheeling about and raising the whip over the heads of the three frightened slaves, who paused in their task of taking Uncle Ned away, when the young master and mistress appeared upon the scene. "Or do you want a

flogging yourselves, every one of you? Get out of here and do as I bid you, or I'll have you all flogged."

"Mr. Lestrangle, I beg of you not do this cruel thing," Virginia implored, clasping her hands pleadingly. "Surely you cannot be so heartless! What you propose doing will kill Uncle Ned."

"And a mighty good thing if it does," was the brutal answer. "He's of no use now, and an old nigger is worse than an old hoss. All he does is eat, and kick up a row among the rest of the niggers down at the quarters. Give him a good dose of salt after the cats have done their work!"

CHAPTER II—A Fair Champion.

Seizing Ned again, the younger negroes started to obey the overseer's orders, but at that moment a strange thing happened. There was a clatter of iron-shod hoofs, and a young girl mounted on a jet-black mare came thundering down upon them. Without waiting for her horse to check its speed, she sprang lightly to the ground.

"What's all this row about?" she asked, walking up to Simon Lestrangle. "I have just been told at the house that Uncle Ned was to flog his own wife. Is it so?"

She made a pretty picture standing there, her big gray eyes blazing in anger, her slender figure in its well-fitting habit of dark green drawn to its fullest height, her little cap with a bright scarlet wing perched jauntily on her short black curls. In one hand she clutched her riding whip, and her voice trembled with anger as she asked that question.

"I reckon you heard nothing but the truth, Miss Wilkes," the overseer answered, with a grin, wicked and malicious. "Only you didn't hear it all. Dinah, the old wench, is going to be flogged all well enough, but Ned is to get a taste of cat-scratching he won't soon forget."

"You don't mean that you are going to do that barbarous thing, Simon Lestrangle?" pretty Dorothy Wilkes gasped. "My God, it is awful!"

"That is just what I am going to do, Miss Wilkes, and I don't intend to be in no way interfered with," the man retorted, his face growing black as a thundercloud. "Here, you niggers, tote that old carcass along to where I told you, and be right smart about it."

"Stop!"

The one word rang out like a bugle, and it came from the red, full lips of Dorothy Wilkes. Simon Lestrangle stared at her as if he could not understand his own ears and eyes, and then with a muttered oath, he pushed her roughly aside.

"Get out of my way, girl," he growled, "or you'll regret it."

"I shall not get out of your way!" she answered, firmly. "Neither shall you murder in cold blood those two helpless old people!"

"Shall not!" he shouted. "Shall not! you viper! We shall soon see!" and he raised the heavy whip above the brave girl's head. The next moment he stepped hastily backward, for he found himself looking into the shining barrel of a small, silver-mounted revolver.

"Drop that whip," she ordered in a low, terrible voice. "Drop it, Simon Lestrangle, or I swear by my love for my dead mother that I will shoot you as I would a rattlesnake! I am not to be trifled with."

No one knew that better than the coward who faced her, shrinking back like a beaten cur, for Dorothy Wilkes was famed throughout Virginia for her bravery and courage. She always carried her trusty revolver with her wherever she went, and she did not hesitate to use it when the occasion offered.

"I will give you just five minutes to drop that whip," she went on calmly, though her eyes blazed like coals of fire. "And if at the end of that time you have not obeyed me, you are a dead man. See, my finger is already on the trigger."

Slowly the overseer's hand fell, and the whip dropped to the ground. His lips were ashen, and they twitched horribly beneath his black mustache.

"Now, order them to release both Uncle Ned and Aunt Dinah," Dorothy said, sternly.

"No, by Heaven, I will never do that!" he panted glaring at her like a wild animal. "I will die first! Girl, you are carrying this too far!"

"You are hardly fit to die, Simon Lestrangle," and the cold barrel of the revolver was uncomfortably close to his temple, while the expression in her eyes struck a chill to his heart. "Understand this—Uncle Ned and Aunt Dinah are to be released at once, or you die where you stand."

He knew she meant it, and while he could have torn her limb from limb he raised his voice, shouting hoarsely:

"Set those two accursed old niggers free, but, by heaven, the very first time they do anything that don't please me, I'll murder them both!"

"Not if I am present, Simon Lestrangle," and Dorothy smiled. Then, waiting until she had seen Uncle Ned and Aunt Dinah released, she coolly tucked her revolver in her belt, and turned to Virginia Rainsford, who stood near, white and trembling. Simon Lestrangle seized the opportunity to slip away unseen. Virginia took her friend's hands within her own, and, with tears streaming down her cheeks, whispered, tremulously:

"Dorothy, you brave girl, how did you dare do it? If he had flogged poor old Aunt Dinah it would have broken my heart."

"My dear, it was nothing at all," and Dorothy laughed softly. "But I had hard work to keep from putting a bullet into him. Ugh! the ugly wretch!"

"Come to the house; this has quite upset me," said Virginia slipped her hand through Dorothy's arm.

The latter placed a small silver whistle to her lips, blowing a sharp, shrill blast, and the mare followed on behind the two girls like a dog. When they reached the broad, sweeping veranda of the old Southern mansion they found two young men already there before them. Both were dressed in riding suits, and they appeared to have but just arrived. It was easy to recognize in the fairest one Harold, the twin brother of Herbert Rainsford. The youth with the pale

eyes and hair of midnight darkness was Arthur Wilkes, Dorothy's brother. Harold Rainsford, though he resembled his brother in looks, was not in the least like him in his disposition, for where Herbert was hot-headed, wilful, passionate, Harold was gentle, retiring, reserved. Once aroused, however, and he was bold as a lion. Different as he and pretty Dorothy Wilkes were, she was his promised bride, while dainty Virginia was engaged to Arthur Wilkes, the dark-eyed Southerner.

Col. Rainsford, the father, was born and raised in Virginia, but he had married a girl from the North, and it was from her that Harold and his sister inherited their gentle natures, while Herbert was like his father. The mother died when they were small children, and when Col. Rainsford died three years before the opening of our story, to the great surprise of all his neighbors and friends he made his overseer, Simon Lestrangle, his children's guardian. In other year the twin brother would be of age, and Virginia eighteen. Then they would come into possession of the property, which was ample. Dorothy Wilkes was Virginia's age, and Arthur just one month older than the Rainsford boys. Life on the Wilkes plantation was far different than on the one where we have witnessed the painful scene described. There the overseer, John Lindsay, a kindly old man with snow-white hair and beard, had the interest and welfare of his people at heart, and they in turn loved him. They would have laid down their lives for him. The two young men greeted the girls warmly, and Harold asked anxiously:

"What was the disturbance down at the quarters all about? I noticed an unusual commotion as we rode by, but did not see anything wrong."

"Think of it, Harold; Mr. Lestrangle was going to have Aunt Dinah flogged, and because Uncle Ned would not do it, he ordered him cat-scratched," Virginia replied excitedly, "and were it not for this dear, brave girl," throwing her arm around Dorothy's waist as she spoke, "I really believe he would have killed them both."

"And what did you do, Dorothy, that caused him to change his mind?" Harold questioned, giving her a look that sent the blood in her heart to her cheeks.

"I simply reasoned with him a little, and when that failed I showed him this," whipping out the revolver, "and it had more effect on him than if I had wasted two hours in arguing. I tell you, my friends, there's nothing like a bit of cold lead to bring a man to his senses."

"Dorothy, you are a heroine, and I am proud of her," Harold exclaimed, springing forward and clasping both hands warmly within his own. "You have more courage than a dozen men."

"Nonsense, Harold!" she retorted, laughingly, at the same time secretly pleased. "It was really nothing at all. The only thing was that I was very fortunate to have my revolver with me."

"I hope and pray that it will not be many days ere the poor souls now in bondage are freed from the chains that bind them," Harold Rainsford said, fervently. "It is awful, this selling human beings, and God grant it may not last much longer!"

CHAPTER III.—One Cause Alone Has the Power to Strain the Links In the Chain of Friendship.

A silence fell upon the little group standing upon the veranda of the rambling old mansion following his words—a silence that was almost painful. It was early in April of the year '61, and already the mutterings of the conflict so near at hand were beginning to have serious weight with hundreds, ay, thousands. Families were divided, one member believing the North, the other the South.

"I shall fall upon my knees in thankfulness if slavery is one day declared to be at an end," Virginia remarked, her bosom rising and falling, while her eyes glowed. "Ah, to think of human beings, men and women, being sold like cattle. To think of husbands being torn from their wives, little children snatched from their mother's arms! It makes my blood boil."

"I do not believe in cruelty or whipping," Dorothy replied. "But every plantation has its slaves, and has had them for generations. What could we do without them, and in turn what could they do without us? Why, it would be downright wickedness for us to set them adrift. The poor creatures would starve. They would not know how to earn a living for themselves. No, my dear friend, you are wrong there. Slavery is all right if it is used and not abused."

"I would not set them adrift with no means or way of supporting themselves," Virginia hastened to say, eagerly. "I would first build school-houses and churches for them, so that they might have the advantage of an education and a Christian training. I would hire good teachers from the North, and——"

"And why have teachers from the North, Virginia?" Dorothy hastened to ask, a queer light coming into her eyes. "Why could you not find plenty of them here in the South?"

She was a thorough Southern girl, and she dearly loved her home. She resented any slur on the South, and she also knew that Virginia, having spent a good portion of her life at school in the north, leaned toward it. The two girls were the best of friends, and that was the one thing upon which they ever disagreed.

"I would have Northern teachers because they have had a wider experience," Virginia made haste to answer, not wishing to offend her friend, whom she loved as a sister, "and naturally negroes are inclined to be indolent. We Southerners are too easy with them, therefore they acquire habits of shiftlessness that it is well to break them of. But I believe in freedom for them. They are human beings, the same as we are, they have hearts and souls, and it is not right."

"Pardon me for differing with you, Virginia," Arthur Wilkes remarked, quietly, but with that sudden tightening of the lips that told he was annoyed. "I believe the negroes are a hundred times better off to-day in slavery than they would be if they were free. It is their natural position."

"I am a Southern girl, born and reared amidst Southern scenes, but my heart, my sympathies, my belief, all belong to the North," Virginia

declared, her gentle spirit resenting the tone in which he addressed her. "And, to-morrow, if war should be declared, I would side with the North. Ay, if I were a man I would fight with the North!"

A gasp of astonishment burst from Dorothy's lips.

"Do you know what that would mean if war were declared?" she asked, hotly. "Do you realize, Virginia, what you are saying?"

"I realize perfectly well what I am saying, and I have no wish to retract it, either," Virginia answered, quietly, though a bright red spot burned upon either cheek.

"Then you would fight against your own home?" Dorothy questioned, in a low, muffled voice. "Ay, you would fight against your own brothers! Oh, Virginia, I did not believe it of you! I did not think you would do such a thing! I thought you were loyal."

"And so I am loyal, Dorothy," was the calm reply, "loyal to the right—loyal to a good cause, whether it be in the North or in the South, and I believe—yes, I know—that the day is near at hand when right will triumph, and the thousands of souls now in bondage shall be free."

There was a fire in the gentle girl's soft brown eyes that her companions had never seen there before, and her brother Harold, catching sight of the anger stamped upon Dorothy's pretty face, went quickly to her side, and drawing her hand within his arm, said gayly:

"Come with me, Dorothy. I want to have a look at Bonnielle. You know you promised to sell her to me. Have you decided to let me have her yet?"

While talking he had walked to where Bonnielle was nipping the short, green grass with her sharp white teeth. The cloud had faded away from the girl's pretty face, and her eyes grew dim as the young man bent his handsome, fair head over her.

"You may have her if you want her, Harold," she answered, somewhat tremulously. "But I would let no one else upon earth have her."

"Very well, I will rile over after her this evening," he said, patting the mare's satin back. "You will have your last gallop on her to-day, Dorothy, until the year of waiting is up, and then, sweetheart," his voice growing very soft and tender, "we shall own her together."

Dorothy turned away her head for a moment, ashamed to let him see the light in her own eyes. Then she laid her cheek close to Bonnielle's soft nose.

"I am glad that you are going to have her, Harold," she murmured. "What a dreadful thing it would be if the war should break out, and poor, dear Bonnielle should fall into the hands of someone who would fight for the North!"

A strange, half-sad expression crept over the young man's face, and his eyes grew suddenly dim. The next moment it had vanished.

"What would you do if such a thing happened, Dorothy?" he asked, watching her as he spoke.

"I would kill her!" she burst forth passionately. "I would shoot her before I would ever let her bear upon her back an enemy! Oh, I

would rather see her dead than in the hands of one of these detested Northerners!"

"Why are you so bitter against the North, Dorothy?" he asked, gravely.

"It is born in me," she replied, and her eyes glittered. "I cannot help it, and I do not like any of them."

"You forget that my mother was born in the North," very gently, "and had she lived you surely would not have hated her?"

"No, I would not have hated her, Harold," very low and with something like a sob in her voice. "And though she was born in the North, her sympathy, her love, must have been for the sunny land where she met the one dearest to her, where Heaven blessed her with little children, and where she now lies sleeping the last peaceful sleep beneath the smiling skies that in the long ago witnessed her happiness. Oh, Harold, how I love it, my own dear home, the land where I was born!"

"And I love it, too, Dorothy," half sadly. "I love it, for my life has been passed amid these fair scenes, and yet I wish things were different."

She did not ask him what he meant, and then they returned to the house where Virginia and Arthur were still sitting upon the vine-shaded veranda. They did not speak again of the trouble brooding over all the land, the clouds hanging over the fair Southern landscape. And yet, in spite of it all, there was a restraint between them, friends and neighbors as they had been for years, ever since they were children. They had grown up almost side by side, for the Wilkes plantation was not far from the Rainsfords. The former were not as well off in this world's goods as the latter, for kind-hearted old Mr. Lindsay was not such a shrewd, sharp manager as Simon Lestrangle, therefore the property that would fall to the Wilkes heirs was not so valuable as the Rainsfords. Simon Lestrangle, chuckled to himself, for they adjoined, and converted into one they would make the finest and most valuable piece of property in Virginia.

When they parted that night, for Dorothy and her brother remained until dark, there was a strange feeling of coming trouble in the hearts of them all. But, alas, how little they dreamed of the storm cloud so soon at hand ready to burst and fill all the land with death and destruction.

CHAPTER IV.—Snakes In the Grass.

The week which followed the hot discussion between the four friends was a rather quiet and uneventful one. The subject was not mentioned by any of them, and they seemed to have forgotten the unpleasantness, one and all. Of Simon Lestrangle they saw but little. He kept out of Virginia's way, as well as her brothers', but every time he chanced to meet either the fair girl or the young men, his swarthy face would turn a dull red, while the light of hate in his evil eyes deepened.

"Keep on," he chuckled, as Harold Rainsford passed him with a cool nod, by way of greeting. "Keep on, my handsome beggar; your haughty

head will not be carried quite so high in the air when you learn the truth. Only one more year to wait, and then we shall see who is master here. Ha, ha! I fancy I see the Rainsford pride humbled then. A mighty lucky thing it was for me, too, that your father had such faith in me, or I would have to leave the plantation bag and baggage, once you came in possession of it. Now, you are the one to go."

All unconscious of the bitter hatred rankling within the overseer's breast, or of the villainous plot against him, Harold walked on to the house, where he found his brother and sister ready to go for a ride.

"We are going over to the Wilkes plantation," Virginia called out to him. "Will you join us, Harold? I have been looking all over for you, and had at last given up in despair."

"Join you, Virginia?" he echoed brightly. "Well, I never refuse such invitations. Of course I'll join you. Wait a moment until I order my horse."

In a few moments the two brothers rode away, their sister between them, mounted on her thoroughbred mare, and as Simon Lestrangle looked after the three retreating forms he laughed wickedly.

"I'm mighty glad to see the sight of your three backs," he muttered, "for it's pleasanter than your faces. I never had any too much love for your father, though I could hoodwink him where I can't you. The high and haughty way they carry their heads, the beggars! Well, time will tell the tale. How I hate every one of them."

"And so do I," a voice close behind him suddenly chimed in. "You do not hate them any worse than I do, dad."

Simon Lestrangle muttered an oath beneath his breath.

"What are you doing around here?" he asked surlily, looking from beneath his bushy eyebrows at the newcomer, a rather good-looking youth of perhaps twenty. "I thought you were absent for the day."

"You made a mistake, dad," coolly lighting a cigar, and blowing a cloud of smoke into the air. "I did start off for a ride, but Nero balked so that I had to dismount and take a rail from the fence to club him with. A riding-whip is no better for such a brute than a straw."

"Do you mean to say that you took that horse out of the stable, you infernal young villain?" the overseer roared, advancing upon his son as if to strike him down at his feet, "after I had forbidden you to. Who are you, anyway? Who is boss here, you or me?"

"You are boss, dad," with a grin, "and so you will really be in a year from now. Who am I? Well, I'm a chip of the old block. Suppose you put that fist down? You are so used to licking niggers that you think you have a right to thump everybody; and it is just as well, dad, for you to remember that I am onto your little game. If I want to ride Nero, is there any reason why I should not?"

The young villain eyed his father defiantly through a cloud of blue smoke, and for an instant it was in Simon Lestrangle's heart to throttle him—his own flesh and blood! But he

was no match for the younger man, so he used stratagem.

"I reckon you can ride Nero if you want to," he mumbled. "But he's a mighty dangerous hoss, and with his temper there's no knowing what will happen."

"I reckon he's shown that temper for the last time," Raoul Lestrangle chuckled. "He won't be likely to hurt anyone again very soon."

"Why, what have you done to him?" the overseer asked, anxiously, his swarthy face clouding. "You didn't injure him, did you? That horse is the most valuable one on the plantation."

"I left him lying beside the road where I knocked him down," the heartless youth replied calmly, "and I have just sent a couple of niggers to see if they cannot bring him around, and if they fail in that to bring home his hide. I reckon he's dead by this time."

With a curse Simon Lestrangle strode rapidly from his son's presence. He dared not trust himself to remain longer, for he feared his ugly temper would get the better of him. The young man looked after him with a mocking smile curling his thick lips.

"If dad dared he would have me licked the same as he has the niggers," he muttered. "But let him try it just once, and it will be the sorriest job of his life. I haven't any too much love for him, anyway, and——"

"Nor for anyone else, save Dorothy Wilkes," a musical, yet sneering voice broke in, accompanied by a soft laugh. "You seem to be infatuated with her, though, for my part what you can see to admire in that hoyden is more than I am able to understand."

He wheeled about and faced a dark, handsome girl whose resemblance to him showed plainly that they were brother and sister. She was dressed in white, the large cluster of crimson roses she wore upon her breast rivaling her somewhat too full lips.

"I see as much to admire in her as you do in Harold Rainsford," he retorted, coarsely. "And she cares just about as much for me as he does for you."

"You are very polite, my dear brother," she answered, her eyes flashing dangerously. "And if Harold Ransford has not openly expressed his preference for my society, at least he never called me a nigger, as Dorothy Wilkes did you when you tried to make love to her. Ha, ha, ha!"

Raoul Lestrangle gave his sister a look that, if wishes could have killed, she would have surely dropped dead at his feet. Grinding his teeth in rage, he advanced toward her, his eyes glittering snakishly.

"Have a care what you say to me, Miss Siebel Lestrangle," he hissed between his set teeth. "For I am no more of a nigger than you are! Our mother was the same, and if she did have a drop of that cursed blood in her veins, our father has still more. You are no whiter than I am."

"Let go of my arm, you fool," she answered angrily. "How dare you! I'll tell father when he comes home, and he'll make you suffer."

"I would like to see him try it," with a loud laugh of defiance. "But come, sis, what's the

use of our quarreling? We understand each other. You want to get Harold Rainsford away from Dorothy Wilkes, and you hate her because she is his betrothed wife. In turn, I want her. Therefore I hate Harold Rainsford, and I'll put him out of my way if I have to——"

"Lay so much as one finger on him," she interrupted passionately—"injure him in any way, and I swear that though you are my own brother, I will not hesitate to run a knife through your heart!"

"And you injure Dorothy Wilkes at your peril!" he answered, looking at her significantly. "Remember what will happen if you do. I have not inherited my father's nature for nothing."

Her reply was a shrug of the shoulders, and jerking her arm from his fierce grasp, she darted away. For a moment he stood motionless, then he shook his fist after her.

"Look out for your white-faced aristocrat, my fair sister, he muttered, and then he stalked gloomily away.

Scarce had he vanished from sight, when a queer-looking black face, surmounted by knots of wool, peered cautiously out from behind a shrub, and the next moment a ragged, half-grown negress stood erect.

"Golly!" she exclaimed, dancing about like a mad thing. "Golly, but wouldn't dis chile ketch it ef Miss Siebel knowed I was heah. Specs she kill me daid. An' so she's got de same kin' ob blood dat dis chile has got in her buddy. Good Lawd! she's only a nigger, a common low-down nigger, an' ef she eber lays her han' on me again I swar fo' de Lawd I'll scratch her eyes out."

And Nettie, who was the terror and dismay of all the negroes down at the quarters, danced wildly over the short grass, her eyes roolling about in her head until they threatened to drop out, her teeth gleaming like ivory. She would have been a twin companion to "Topsy," in Mrs. Stowe's famous book, for her one object in life was fun, and she was never so happy as when she was in mischief.

CHAPTER V.—Death of Uncle Ned.

The sound of approaching footsteps, however, soon caused her to cease her wild antics, and the sound of the overseer's voice made her heart leap in terror. Then, with the agility of a panther, she threw herself down behind the shrub, for the sight she witnessed frightened her so that her teeth chattered.

Poor old Uncle Ned, half dragged, half supported, by a couple of stalwart young negroes, was passing so close to the shrub behind which Nettie was concealed, that she could easily have touched him by putting out her hand. He was hardly able to walk, and Simon Lestrangle who followed on behind with a rawhide in his hands, every now and then would give the old man a cruel blow across his stooping shoulders. Nettie knew well what that meant. The overseer was taking advantage of the heirs' absence to give Uncle Ned the whipping which pretty Dorothy Wilkes had interrupted a week before,

and the girl's heart turned sick with horror at the thought.

"Oh, Lawd! dey'll kill po' ole Uncle Ned, shuah," she murmured, weakly. "An' Miss Dorothy she ain't heah to sabe him dis time. Marse Harold, he's gone, too, an' so is Marse Herbert. I can't do anything, fur ef dat ole debbil fin's me heah, he done kill me wif Uncle Ned. I can't do a ting. De po' ol uncle has got ter be whipped, shuah, dis time."

Great, hot tears rolled over the girl's black cheeks, for in spite of the fact that she kept the quarters in a constant uproar, and her mischievous ways brought many a whipping upon her head, her heart was good and true. To Uncle Ned and Aunt Dinah she was devotedly attached, and the thought of the poor old slave meeting with such a death, after a life spent in faithful toil for a well-beloved master, was more than she could bear, so when the melancholy procession had passed her on the way to the whipping-post she buried her face in the tender blades of grass, sobbing like a little child. No one knew Simon Lestrangle's bad temper and wicked heart better than she did, for did not her own back and shoulders bear livid marks, scars that told of the brutal whippings she had received time and time again. Suddenly she dried her eyes, and raising herself upon her knees, clasped both hands while she prayed quaveringly:

"Oh, Lawd, look down on one ob yo' po' chillun an' and sabe him, fur yo' alone hab de powah. Po' ole Uncle Ned gwine ter be kilt shuah ef yo' doan' sabe him. Doan' let him die, oh, deah Lawd, fur he's been a faithful frien' an' a mighty good ole Christian. 'Tain't right fur ter let him go in dat way. Oh, Lawd Gawd, ef yo' could only put a little corner ob goodness in dat bad, wicked heart ob Simon Lestrangle. It's a mighty easy ting ter do when yo' is so wise an' good. His heart is bracker den de po' ole uncle's face, an' it's harder den de white marble monyerment ober Marse Cunel's head in de graveyard. Sabe Uncle Ned, deah Lawd, an' let 'em whip dis chile in his place. Amen!"

The poor ignorant child of nature believed that her prayer would be answered at once, and she expected to be dragged away at once to the whipping post, while Uncle Ned would be released, but alas! such a miracle did not take place. Instead, crouching close to the ground, she could hear the merciless sound of the whip as it fell upon the poor, helpless slave's bared back, and unable to listen longer, she arose and crept away to the gate, and there waited the return of Virginia and her brothers. It seemed to her that she had been there for ages ere she caught sight of the three riders coming swiftly along the broad, white road in the dusky twilight, and in reality she had crouched there for two hours. A sob of joy burst from her lips, and she flew through the gate like a flash.

Virginia, who was laughing and chatting to her brothers, was startled at the figure that confronted her, and for a moment she did not recognize the girl.

"Why, Nettie child, whatever is the matter?"

she asked kindly, drawing rein as she spoke. "What are you doing here?"

"Oh, Miss Virginia, Miss Virginia," the girl sobbed wildly. "Po' ole Uncle Ned is done kilt daid fur suah!"

"Uncle Ned is dead, you say, Nettie?" Virginia echoed, aghast, her beautiful face growing pale. "Are you insane, child? Explain, what do you mean?"

"Marse Lestrangle done had him whipped, Miss Virginia," Nettie wailed. "An' I specs he's daid long fo' now. I ben waitin' fur you' fur mighty nigh leben hours, an' ef he fin's out dat I done tole yo' he won't leave a whole bone in my buddy. Oh, Miss Virginia, can't yo' do down to de quarters an' see ef de po' ole uncle's paid?"

"This is an outrage, and if what Nettie says be true that scoundrel shall be punished, though he were a guardian a hundred times over," Herbert Rainsford exclaimed, white with anger. "You are quite sure that you are telling the truth, my girl? That you are not drawing upon your imagination?"

"Fo' de Lawd, I'se tellin' yo' no lies, Marse Herbert," she answered, rolling her eyes. "Go to de quarters, sah, and see fo' yo'self. I reckon de ole uncle's daid shuah."

Without another word, the three dashed through the gate, and leaving their horses in charges of a groom, walked rapidly in the direction of the quarters which were some distance behind the house. Nettie crept away to the kitchen, trembling in every limb, the spirit of mischief that always filled her for once gone. A few moments' walk brought the three to Uncle Ned's cabin. A light burned dimly inside, and as they entered the open door the sound of low sobbing, mingled with feeble moaning, reached their ears. Then they realized that Nettie had told them the truth.

"Oh, Miss Virginia, de good Lawd bress yo', honey, fur comin' to see de po' ole man," Aunt Dinah sobbed, rising from her knees beside the sufferer's bed. "He's mos' done fur, I reckon, an', honey chile, he's been wantin' fur ter see yo' mighty bad."

"Uncle Ned, oh! Uncle Ned, that I should live to see this!" the girl murmured, kneeling beside the rude bed, and taking the toil-worn hand of the dying slave within her two little fair ones. "To see you, old faithful, in this position breaks my heart. What can I do to ease your sufferings, Uncle Ned?"

She knew she was in the presence of grim death, and so did the two young men who, standing beside the open door, removed their hats in silence. Everyone in that rude cabin knew that Uncle Ned was past all need of earthly aid.

"Yo' can't do anything, honey," the old man answered faintly. "Only sit by Uncle Ned till de light goes out. 'Tain't got much longer fur ter burn, chile, an' den, bress de good Lawd, it'll burn brighter dan eber in de next worl'. De ole man's gwin fast, Miss Virginia, an' it's mighty comfortin' ter hab ye' neah me. Does yo' 'member, honey, how de old uncle used ter tote yo' roun' on his shoulders years an' years ago, an' yo' pulled his wool till he done cried? Does yo' member it, honey chile?"

"I remember it all, Uncle Ned," she sobbed,

her tears falling like rain upon the black hand she still clasped. "And I can remember but goodness and loyalty in your every deed. I have longed for the day to dawn when I could see you free, but now, alas! the end has come, and you are still a slave."

"Ole Ned's mighty nigh freedom now, honey," he whispered very low. "It won't be long fo' he jines Marse Cunnel an' de Missus. I reckon dey'll be right glad ter see me, Miss Virginia, 'cause dey used ter say ter me when I had yo' on my shoulder: 'Be bery keerful an' not let her drap, Ned, for she's our own little sun-beam.' Where am you', Miss Virginia? Whuter yo' cryin' fur, honey. De ole man's mighty glad he's gwine. Whar be yo', Dinah? Good-by, ole woman, yo's been an angel, an' we'll meet agin. Miss Virginia'll look arter yo' when she's got own home agin', won't you, honey?"

"I will look after her while she lives, Uncle Ned," Virginia answered, solemnly. "She shall never need a friend while life is mine."

A smile of infinite peace flitted over the dying slave's face, and then very faintly he asked:

"Won't yo' say a prayer fur Uncle Ned, honey, a little one he kin understan'."

Clasping her hands, Virginia prayed fervently, earnestly, there beside the death-bed. It was a strange, solemn scene that the flickering light of the candle revealed. The fair young girl kneeling in prayer, beside the poor old slave; the two young men standing in the open doorway, their heads bowed, and the weeping Aunt Dinah, who crouched in one corner of the dark cabin. Tremulous with emotion, those sacred words left the pure lips, and one ray of moonlight, streaming in at the small window, struck upon her golden hair, making it glow like fire. As the last word fell upon the air, she looked down at the face lying against the coarse pillow, and then she knew that Uncle Ned was safe forevermore. The poor old slave's bonds were broken. He was free at last.

Virginia was so angry when she left the dead body of Uncle Ned that she sought out the overseer and demanded an explanation from him of the outrageous manner in which the old negro had been used. The man was insulting in his answer and Herbert, who was with her, called Lestrangle down and told him that when he came into his own things would be different around there. They left the overseer swearing vengeance under his breath, and plotting the wrecking of the fortunes of the Rainsford heirs. Meanwhile the mutterings of war grew louder and louder.

Harold Rainsford made up his mind to take sides with the North and Dorothy, who was bitter against their enemy, the North, grew more sullen every time he mentioned the fact of his joining the enemy. But when she learned his intention of joining the Northern cavalry her anger got the best of her and as he intended to take Bonnbelle with him, she drew a revolver and shot the mare dead. That separated them after a bitter quarrel. That night Harold went North. Virginia, whose sympathies were with the North, remained at home. Herbert enlisted in the Southern army; so did Arthur Wilkes. His engagement to Virginia was broken, as was her friendship with Dorothy. Simon Lestrangle was pleased

at the state of affairs. Twin brothers were fighting against each other.

And so the days rolled on at the Rainsford plantation. Herbert Rainsford mourned for his twin brother and sister.

It was at the battle of Fair Oaks and Harold was with his regiment, and was in conversation with the colonel when a mere lad appeared upon the scene. It was Virginia Rainsford, who had followed her brother's fortunes, refusing to be left alone. She went under the name of Harry Rainsford, and posed as a cousin of Harold's, and as Harold was a great favorite with his regiment and Virginia had become a bugler, she shared his popularity. None suspected her sex.

For several days a battle raged and both sister and brother were still without a scratch, and Virginia was detailed one night to help the Sisters of Mercy in looking over the battlefield for wounded soldiers to be cared for. Many a man silently offered up a prayer after they had gone on their way for the help they had rendered him. They had been ministering to a couple of poor Northern soldier boys and Virginia's heart was torn with grief.

CHAPTER VI.—Capture of a Confederate Spy.

They had gone but a little further, when they were suddenly confronted by a figure stepping, as it seemed, from out the gloom of the night. Holding the lantern aloft, Virginia saw it was her brother Harold. Before either of them could speak a low groan reached their ears, and looking in the direction from whence the sound came they were able to distinguish a man's form sitting at the foot of a small tree, leaning against the trunk. By the flickering light she bore in her hand, Virginia saw that he wore the gray uniform, and her heart swelled with womanly tenderness and pity. So absorbed was she that she did not notice his face until a low cry from Harold startled her. She looked first at him, then back again to the wounded soldier, and her own face grew deathly white, for there before her, wounded and helpless, was Arthur Wilkes! He had not recognized her in her male attire, but he knew the voice at once, and for a moment he forgot the agony he was enduring.

"Virginia!" he gasped. "Oh, Virginia! Am I dreaming, or do I really behold you?"

She drew back for an instant, too overcome by her emotion to answer him. The sisters were looking at her in amazement, for they had not dreamed that their young escort was a girl. Virginia swallowed a bitter sob, and forgetful of everything save the fact that Arthur whom she had loved, aye, whom she loved yet, was wounded and helpless, she knelt down upon the ground beside him, pillowing his weak head on her breast. The sisters understood the situation at last, and bowed their heads, while Harold stood at a little ways off, his face whiter than it would be when he lay in his coffin.

"Virginia, oh, Virginia!" Arthur murmured faintly, feebly stroking her cheek with his almost helpless hand. "I am so glad to have you here with me, dear, so glad. I have wanted you

so, and like the good angel you always were, you came to me."

The young girl's tears were falling like rain over his feverish face. He was badly wounded in the side, and was very weak from the loss of blood. For hours he had been sitting there, leaning against the trunk of the tree, having managed to crawl there after he was shot. And he was at times delirious from the want of water and care. One of the sisters held some water to his lips, and he drank it eagerly.

"Ah, that was good!" he murmured, with a sigh of relief, leaning heavily against Virginia's shoulder. "It was Heaven. Don't leave me, Virginia, don't leave me again. We'll go back to the dear old home, you and me, and no power upon earth shall come between us."

What a flood of tender memories rushed over the young girl's heart at his words, and yet at the same instant she realized with a sudden pang that this was the time of war and discipline, not peace and freedom. How she would have liked to take her wounded lover home, for he was still her lover, her betrothed husband in spite of the gulf that lay between them—but alas! she knew that such a thing could never be. She would be forced to leave him to the gentle mercy of the surgeons, and she knew he would get good care and tender nursing.

"Take me home, Virginia, take me home," he begged, his mind wandering again. "Take me home, dear. It is not far, just across the field, and it is so cool and quiet there. Don't you remember it, Virginia? The spring by the old rock, where the water gushes forth like crystal. Get me a cup of that water, Virginia, for I am burning up with thirst. See how it trickles over the stones, so clear, so bright, and I cannot reach it."

It was well that the surgeon with his assistants arrived on the spot just then, for poor Arthur was in a dangerous condition. A stretcher was borne between the two men, and the sufferer was tenderly carried to the temporary hospital, back far enough to be out of danger. He never knew when they bore him away from the girl he loved, and whom he had hoped to make his wife. And it was many a day before he remembered having seen her at all, for he was ill a long time. Virginia stood motionless, her head bowed upon her breast, as they carried him away, and her lips trembled piteously. Then she felt a loving arm about her neck, while a tender voice whispered soothingly:

"I understand it all, my child, and I pity you. I know how your young heart aches, but be brave and patient. God grant this cruel war may soon end, and those who love each other and are now parted may be reunited braver, better prepared to face the storms of life, because of what they have suffered in this strife. Do not let your heart be heavy, dear child, for all will yet be well."

"Sister, how good you are," Virginia whispered gratefully. "And how much comfort your sweet words give me. But you do not think me immodest, unmaidenly, for being here in this attire?"

"I think you are one of the bravest and

noblest girls I have ever known," the good sister replied. "You are a heroine, my child, and may heaven bless you for your heroic nature. I shall pray for you, my child, and if our blessed Lord deems it wisest and best, you will be reunited with your brothers, and the youth you love, some day."

Virginia could not answer her for the sob that choked her, and while she lived she never forgot the gentle sister of mercy whose whole life was spent in aiding the sick and suffering, the lowly and oppressed. For three days and nights the battle raged, there was no rest, no sleep, for the weary soldiers. On the morning of the second day a rebel spy was captured by the Unionists, and when the proofs were found concealed upon him, he was sentenced to be shot the following morning at sunrise. He would have been shot without further delay, but he was a mere boy, and the general felt a pang of pity stir his stout heart when he looked at him. At some distance back of where the troops were stationed, near the hospital for the wounded, there was an old deserted log cabin, and this was turned into a guard-house. To this place the prisoner was marched, and a guard detailed to watch him. Neither Harold nor Virginia saw the youth, but when it came time for a new guard to relieve the first one, Harold was detailed to go in his place. He was not sorry, either, for it was a rest from the din and tumult that was deafening at the front. Not that he was cowardly or wished to shirk his duty, but he rather preferred the change. He fell to thinking of the youth inside who was to be shot on the morrow, and he pitied him. He was only doing his duty in seeking to aid his own side, yet his life would pay the penalty.

A sudden impulse swept over him to go inside and speak to the doomed youth. What harm could it possibly do? he asked himself, and the sight of a face, the sound of a voice, might cheer him a great deal. It would not injure anyone, and he would not neglect his duty. Not stopping to think further, he stepped inside the cabin, where the prisoner sat on a rude wooden stool, his head bowed upon his hands, his form dimly outlined by the moonlight that crept in through the barred window.

CHAPTER VII.—"Dorothy!"

At first the lad did not seem to hear him enter, and then, as he took a step toward him, he looked up with a start. At sight of that face Harold took a step backward, a cry of amazement bursting from his lips. There was no mistaking that face; he knew its every feature, for had it not lain nestled against his breast many a time in the happy past before this cruel strife came between them?

"Dorothy!" he gasped hoarsely, his eyes wide open and staring. "Dorothy! can it be true?"

Dorothy Wilkes, for it was she, arose from where she was sitting, and standing erect faced him, her arms folded, her face calm.

"It is true," she answered quietly. "It is really Dorothy."

"And—and you are the spy who is to be shot

at sunrise," he said huskily. "My God! can this awful thing be true, or is it a dream?"

"It is no dream," she answered, still calm and unmoved. "It is the truth. I am the spy who will be shot to-morrow at sunrise."

A groan burst from his lips.

"I—I cannot think," he faltered, his voice so changed that for an instant she wondered if it were not someone else speaking. "My brain seems to be on fire, and I feel as if I should go mad, mad, mad!"

She smiled coldly, shrugging her shoulders.

"I do not think—nay, I am sure that I shall not go mad, and I am to be shot in a few hours," she said, quietly. "Why, then, should you take it to heart so?"

"Dorothy, you will drive me mad!" he panted, desperately. "For God's sake, do not, I implore you, talk in that manner! You once loved me, you surely cannot have learned to hate me even though we are, in the eyes of the world, sworn enemies."

"Hate you?" she echoed. "Hate you, Harold? Oh, no! I do not hate you. I never can do that. But why should you grieve to see me, your enemy, a spy, shot to-morrow? It would be the same were you in my place. If you were captured and found to be a Union spy, you would be shot, the same as I shall be to-morrow."

"And do you for one single moment think that I will allow you to meet with such a fate, Dorothy?" he asked, almost fiercely, going to her side and taking her hands within his own. "Oh, Dorothy, you ought to know me better than that! I loved you once, I love you now. You are as dear to me as when we were happy together in the dear old home, and I shall save your precious life if I lose my own in the attempt. I will save you if I am drummed out of the regiment in disgrace!"

"You are powerless to prevent it, Harold," she said softly, her bright dark eyes growing dim, her voice tender at the words he uttered. "And the best way is to let me pay the penalty. I am a spy, and I am proud of it. I would rather die for my country than live and not aid it, but I am glad I have had the opportunity of seeing you and talking with you before I die. I never expected to see you again in this world, Harold, and I shall die feeling better for having looked into your eyes once more."

"Then you do care for me a little, Dorothy?"

"I have always cared for you, Harold," she answered, solemnly, "and my last thought shall be of you. We were divided, it is true, but at the same time I never should have bestowed my heart or hand upon anyone else. But you know my nature, Harold, perhaps better than anyone in the world, and it was the bitterness of death itself to learn that you were in sympathy with the North, while I loved the South. It was not because I cared any the less for you, Harold, but my anger was stronger than my love. I was sorry when it was too late, but you know it now, and I am content. And to think that I shot Bonnbelle because she would have borne upon her back one far truer than I. Well, it is too late for regrets now, and the past can-

not be recalled. I die for the cause I love, and I am content."

"You are not going to die, for I am going to tell you something which will make you want to live, Dorothy," he answered. "Your brother is wounded, and is a prisoner on our side, so—"

"Arthur wounded, Arthur a prisoner?" she interrupted, with a little cry of despair. "Oh, Harold! you do not mean it, you are only telling me in order to have me do as you wish!"

"I am telling you the truth," he said, solemnly. "He is badly wounded, and is now in the hospital, where he will be cared for until he is well enough to be removed, then he will be held a prisoner."

"What shall I do, Harold?" she asked piteously, her independence gone. "Oh, what shall I do? My poor brother, how can I aid him?"

"By saving yourself," he replied, in an eager whisper. "By doing as I bid you, Dorothy. Believe me, if you follow my advice all will end well, and we shall be happy together yet, you and me, as well as Virginia and Arthur. She was with him to-night, Dorothy, she held his poor weak head in her arms and he knew her."

"Where is she?" Dorothy asked in surprise. "Where is she, Harold? How came she here?"

"Ah, that is a little secret, but I will tell you," he answered with a laugh. "Virginia is with me, for she is none other than the bugler of the 34th. There, now you know it all."

"And Virginia, my dear little Virginia, who was always so timid and retiring, she too is a soldier boy," the girl said, smiling in spite of her anxiety. "Ah, who would ever believe it of her. She who was never known to say a cross word to any living soul, she in the midst of shot and shell, the bravest of the brave. When a quiet, shy girl makes up her mind to do anything she is firmer than one like me. Heaven bless her, how I would like to see her."

"And so you shall if you obey me, Dorothy," Harold whispered. "So you shall, dear. I must, however, be the general who commands, and you the private who obeys. Think of Arthur and Virginia. If you would see them again, listen to me. To-night you shall go free, and leave the rest to me. Hush!" for she would have interrupted him. "Remember I am the officer in command, and mutiny is a serious thing. But I must be careful, aye, more than careful, for my safety as well as yours depends upon our being quiet."

CHAPTER VIII.—The Escape.

Dorothy looked about the gloomy little cabin, and finally back into the eager face before her. Then she shook her head doubtfully.

"I fail to see any way for me to escape," she said, gravely, "for you surely are not rash enough to let me walk through the door? It would mean certain death for you, Harold."

"No, I am not foolish enough to do that, Dorothy," he answered, looking about him searchingly to see if there was any possible way out beside the door. Leaving her standing there, he walked across the floor and tapped against

one of the logs where a faint light shone through. It moved slightly, and a harder knock loosened it. It was with difficulty that he suppressed the cry of joy that arose to his lips, and turning back to her, he whispered excitedly:

"You see there is a way provided, Dorothy. I did not notice how the plaster had dried and cracked between these two logs until one little push moved them. The space is not very large, but you will be able to squeeze through, and I shall not be blamed for it."

He came back and took her hands within his own, his handsome face very tender, his eyes soft and dim.

"You are saved, Dorothy," he said, his voice tremulous with emotion. "Saved, and I feel as if a load of iron had been removed from my heart."

"How can I thank you, Harold, how can I ever repay you?"

"By saving yourself, and by being careful not to fall into our hands again once you are free," he answered. "And you must lose no more time than you can, Dorothy, for every moment counts, and you must be far beyond the lines before daybreak. But, oh, Dorothy, for my sake, for your own sake, dear, be careful. Think of poor Arthur who is a helpless prisoner and know that it will be between your work and mine that he may regain his freedom. Let that always stand before you. I dare not remain with you any longer, for it might arouse suspicion. You know how to remove the logs and slip out through the space. I, of course, am perfectly innocent. Good-by, and heaven bless you, dear girl."

He raised her hand to his lips, and the next moment was gone. She stood alone in the old cabin, her limbs trembling under her, her heart throbbing violently. Now that freedom was so near at hand she was frightened. When the sentence of death had been pronounced upon her, she was not so visibly affected as she was at the moment when she realized there was hope for her. As if to aid her, a heavy rain began to fall, and the darkness was so dense that the figure of a man was not visible a yard away. The rain fell in torrents, and every now and then a sullen flash of lightning darted across the inky bosom of the sky. The mutterings of the thunder fairly shook the earth, and half an hour after he left her, setting her teeth firmly together, she removed the log and slipped through the opening out into the dark, stormy night. A single moment she stood listening to the sounds so near her, and then she turned and ran cautiously in the opposite direction from whence they came, her slender form in the gray uniform swallowed up in the darkness of the night. Harold paced slowly back and forth, guarding the cabin in which the spy sentenced unto death was supposed to be, and he smiled to himself as he wondered what they would say if they knew how well he guarded him.

"They will not blame me when his flight is discovered, for it looks far more like their own carelessness than any neglect on my part," he muttered. "For I am supposed to only guard the front of the cabin, not the back, and those who selected it for a guardhouse should have

seen that it was a safe place ere they put a prisoner there. It was a very easy thing for the man to remove a log and escape by the back during the storm and tempest. The sound of the falling rain and the thunder would drown any noise he might have made, so they will never think of laying the blame on me. Then, too, before sunrise I shall be relieved from duty, and another guard will be on guard when the escape is discovered. Ah, fate has been kind to us after all."

Once only did he open the door and peer into the gloom of the little cabin, and his heart gave a great leap when he saw that it was empty, and the cold, damp air came rushing in through the space where the log had been.

"She is free," he said, under his breath, "and God grant that she meets with success. Poor girl, she is braver than any man I ever knew, and even though she is fighting for the South, she deserves credit for her courage. Heaven grant she passes the lines in safety!"

His thoughts were with her all night long, and when the new guard relieved him of his duty it was with a sigh of relief that he noticed that he did not look into the cabin to see whether the prisoner was there or not.

"She will be beyond their reach by sunrise," he said, exultingly. "And I trust it will be many a day ere she again falls into our hands, even though she be an enemy to our cause."

All night long the rain fell in torrents, and when day broke it had ceased, but the dawn was sullen, red, angry, just the kind of morning for the tragedy about to be enacted. But when they went to the old cabin to bring forth the spy whose doom was sealed, they found it empty. The open space from which the log had been removed told its own tale, and there was nothing more to be done. No blame was attached to either guard, and they arrived at the conclusion that he must have escaped during the night while it was raining. By this time he was far beyond the reach of pursuit, and in the midst of these times of death and strife, what did one escaped spy amount to? He would be captured again, and then there would be no more trouble.

So Dorothy made her escape, and after wandering for days she finally reached the Rainsford plantation, weary, footsore, exhausted, but safe. And after Nettie's first surprise had worn away she received her with open arms, hiding her away in the attic of the old house. Aunt Dinah was let into the secret, too, as well as Rufus, and the dainties that found their way to the young girl were many while she remained there in hiding. Then, when she was rested, and she believed herself safe, she went on her way again, eager to aid her country.

CHAPTER IX.—In Pursuit of the Escaped Prisoner.

The great battle at Fair Oaks was over, and it was destined to be long remembered by both the soldiers of the North and South. Upon both sides the loss of life had been great, and the battlefield was strewn with the slain. Among

the rebel prisoners held by the Union men was Herbert Ransford, and it is impossible to me to describe the feeling that filled Harold Rainsford's breast, when he realized that he was instrumental in capturing his twin brother. At first he was almost overcome by his emotion, and he trembled like a woman, but he controlled himself afterwards, saying that it was only one of war's sad, stern duties—brother fighting against brother, and it must be obeyed. So the two who had parted in anger met once more, this time in sorrow and regret, though neither showed any evidence of it, and had his brother offered to aid him to escape, Herbert would have looked upon it as an insult, for he was loyal to this country.

Why then should not Harold be loyal to the cause for which he had forsaken both home and brother, even though it were not for his own kin he was fighting? Herbert Rainsford was possessed of a fiery, Southern temper, but he was the very soul of honor, and he would have cut off his right hand before he would do anything mean or dishonorable. He would knock a man down if he chanced to offend him, and he would shoot him if he heard him insult a woman, and the knowledge that his brother was one of his captors, though bitter, did not make him feel any harder toward him, for he would do the very same thing himself if it were necessary.

"Why not?" he said to himself, pacing slowly up and down the narrow quarters in which he was confined, an old board shanty that had long ago been deserted.

The army was on the march now, and he with three or four others were together, for there was not room for them where the other prisoners were. "He is only doing his duty, and were I a hundred times over his brother, he is justified in doing what he has done. He is loyal to the cause he believes to be in the right, the same as I am to the one I know is right. And should he prove a traitor to his country, I should despise him for it. Well, I suppose this means months in prison. Well, let it, I can bear it. But I would rather be free, and fight for my dear old home, even if I fell in the first battle."

The other two men who were with him were strangers, and both were sleeping soundly, lying upon the hard floor of the shanty, too weary to know whether they were prisoners or free men. Their heavy breathing could be heard by the guard outside the door, and he, believing them all to be sleeping, paid far more attention to the small flask of brandy he had in an inside pocket than he did to his duty. Time and time again did he raise it to his lips, and each time he grew sleepier and more inclined to let everything go and doze. He was rather a stupid fellow, anyhow, but all the other men in the company were tired out, and it was his turn. There were signs of a coming storm in the air. The sky was dark and sullen, its frowning breast every now and then crossed by a zig-zag flash of lightning, and the mutterings of distant thunder could be heard. No rain had yet fallen, but the atmosphere was damp and raw.

Suddenly Herbert paused in his restless pacing to and fro to listen. He heard the guard snoring outside the door and as he sought to peer through a large crack in the dry boards, the strong fumes of whisky greeted his nostrils unpleasantly. Like a flash the idea of escaping darted through his brain. Here was his chance. The guard was, for the time, helpless, wrapped in a drunken slumber from which it would take a great deal of noise to arouse him, and now was the time to make a break for liberty. It was late, and the tired soldiers were sleeping, worn out with the long day's march. He could hear the restless feet of the cavalry horse, and the mules that drew the heavy artillery. Those sounds would aid him, for should any outcry arise from the guard, it would not be heard. The door was fastened on the outside only by a rusty chain, and how to get at it at first he did not know. Then he suddenly remembered that he had managed to conceal his knife while they were searching him.

He drew it forth and, opening the blade, cautiously cut away at the crack until he had an opening large enough to insert his hand through. After that it was easy enough to slip the chain off its fastening, and as he drew a long breath of relief, he realized that he stood upon the threshold of liberty. He turned and looked at his companions, who were sleeping soundly, and he hesitated.

"Shall I wake them?" he asked himself, and he went over to one and shook him by the shoulder, but he might as well have tried to arouse the dead.

Again and again he strove to awaken them both, and then, seeing how useless it was, he gave up in despair.

"There is no use in my staying here longer," he said, "for I cannot arouse them, and even if I did they would be too dazed to help themselves. I must look out for myself, for I can do more good once I am free. I will have to leave them to their fates."

With those words he pushed his hands through the space, and, unfastening the chain, softly opened the door. The damp night air fanned his face, and he stood breathless, listening intently. No sound, save the heavy breathing of the guard and that of his companions left behind, reached his ears. He waited, holding his breath, and then like a shadow he darted out into the night and darkness. No one followed him, no one saw him, and in a few moments he was beyond the line. After that he felt he was safe, and without further delay he ran into the woods beyond.

Not until the guard was discovered in his drunken sleep was the escape of the prisoner learned and then the colonel, angry at the carelessness and neglect that had been shown of late, ordered a searching party out in pursuit. Two prisoners had escaped within a few weeks of each other, and it must be stopped, he ordered. This last one must be found, and thus the party in pursuit of him, finding the trail, followed it. He was only a private, and he was forced to obey his commanding officer's commands. So he started in pursuit of his brother, the escaped prisoner.

CHAPTER X.—“Where Could I Be Safer Than In My Own Home?”

When Herbert Rainsford left the hut from which he escaped, he did not know which way to go. The night was so dark that he had not the slightest idea where he was going or in what direction to go. So he plunged blindly forward, trusting to kind fate to guide him. When at last he was past the lines he breathed free, but he lost no time, knowing full well that it would be fatal to him, for the very moment they discovered his flight they would pursue him, and if he were taken prisoner again it would be harder than ever to escape.

“They will be sure to discover my flight at daylight,” he muttered, as he plunged breathlessly through the woods and waded knee-deep through swamps. “And if I have not put a good distance between me and the camp, then I am indeed lost.”

His clothing caught on projecting branches and boughs, tearing it in shreds, wounding and lacerating his flesh terribly, but he dared not stop for a single moment. On and on he ran, trembling at every sound, his heart throbbing thick and fast, fancying that he could hear the footsteps of his pursuers coming nearer and nearer each moment. At last the storm broke in all its fury, and the rain fell in torrents, drenching him completely, and at the same time chilling him, for it was a cold rain that seemed to strike to one's very blood. In a few moments his clothes were dripping, and he felt that he could go no further without a short rest. But where could he hope to find rest in this wild storm, with no sign of a roof anywhere visible?

A sudden blinding flash of lightning swept the scene with its vivid glow, and he beheld an old shattered trunk of a tree, whose top had broken off near the ground, but the branches had fallen in such a way as to form a complete roof over the hollow space, which was high enough for a man to stand upright in. A feeling of thankfulness swept over Herbert as he beheld this frail shelter, and he was too weary to think of passing it by, no matter whether he was found or not, so inside the rude, yet trembling shelter he crept, his limbs trembling from weariness. Every bone in his body ached, and he would have given all he ever hoped to possess in this world for a bed upon which he might rest his exhausted form.

The rain fell in torrents for over two hours and then it grew less violent. He dared not remain in the hollow tree longer, so started to leave the wood. As he emerged from the thick, dark shadows, to his utter dismay he saw the cold gray dawn just beginning to break in the angry looking east. He knew that it would never do to venture forth at that hour, for in a few moments the whole country would be alive with soldiers who were on the march, and how could he in his tattered uniform of gray hope to avoid them. They could not fail to notice that he was an escaped prisoner, even if he should try to change his coat inside out. There was nothing for him to do but remain where he was until it was night.

Reluctantly enough he retraced his footsteps, going back among the trees again. He looked about him, and catching sight of the low-hanging boughs of a huge old tree, he swung himself upon a branch where he would be entirely concealed by the heavy foliage. It was not the softest seat in the world, nor yet was it the most uncomfortable, for he could brace his back against the body of the tree, and the limb upon which he sat formed a sort of natural chair. Still it was not exactly a desirable place to spend the entire day in. He heard the sound of bugle and drum more than once during the day, but they were not very near him, so he had no fear of being discovered. Once it was dark, he could make his way to a place of safety.

Long before the welcome curtain of twilight descended over the world, he was cramped and lame from sitting in one position for hours, and it seemed to him the longest day he had ever known. He was suffering with both hunger and thirst, and he knew he must have food and drink ere long. It was dark in the wood some time before it was outside, and at last, with a breath of relief, he descended carefully from the tree, and made his way cautiously toward the opening. The night was very dark, there being no moon, and not a star appeared in the heavens. He had no idea where he was, for he was completely turned around, and when he escaped in the midst of the storm, he took no note of his surroundings or where he was going.

“If I could only run across a negro's cabin, I would be sure to get something to eat,” he said, pausing and looking around him. “Well, I may as well push on, for I'll gain nothing by standing here.”

He plodded wearily on, and then a sudden turn in the road brought him in sight of lights gleaming in the distance. It gave him new courage, and his strength came back to him as he went forward, hope springing up anew within his breast.

“I shall sleep to-night, at any rate,” he muttered, “and find something to eat. Ah, how soft a bed in the stables even will feel to my weary limbs.”

As he neared the house from whose windows the lights shone cheerily, seeming to beam forth a welcome to the weary wanderer, it suddenly struck him that the ground over which he was passing was strangely familiar, and he racked his brain trying to think where he was.

“I seem to be dreaming,” he said to himself. “For I could swear that I have been over this ground time and time again. But when I cannot remember.”

Ere long he reached the gates that led up to the rambling house standing back from the road, and like a shock it dawned upon his bewildered brain that he was standing at the gate of his own home. For an instant he was too surprised to move, and he half turned away, then he went forward, saying:

“Why should I even think of going away? Where could I be safer than in my own home? I think it best, however, not to let Simon Lestrangé know that I am here, for he is bad enough to do anything, and he hates me, and will use every possible means in his power to get me into

trouble. If I could only see Aunt Dinah or Nettie, they would conceal me and get me something to eat. I'll creep around to the back of the house and see if there is anyone about."

Noiselessly he walked around to the dining room windows which opened upon a flower garden, and his heart gave a throb of joy, for Nettie was inside, moving about and getting the room in order, late as it was.

Herbert knocked on the window, and Nettie raised the sash and saw him. She uttered a smothered cry as she recognized him and moved aside as he bounded through the window casing. Then it was something to eat for the poor tired soldier, and a good bed to be in for a long rest. He learned from Nettie that Simon Lestrangle was as ugly as ever. She told him that she had heard Lestrangle telling his girl that it would only be a short time before the plantation would be his as he had fooled the old colonel, but that he could not fool Harold or Herbert.

Then Herbert told Nettie to not breathe a word of his being there to any one on the plantation.

A short time after Herbert was asleep a party of Union soldiers rode up to the plantation, saying they were looking for an escaped prisoner.

Lestrangle told them that nobody had come there. But the soldiers insisted they would remain there for a meal before they would go on, and remain they did.

CHAPTER XI.—In the Hands of the Enemy.

The men proceeded to make themselves at home, and, I regret to say it, but there were some among them who forgot themselves, and their conduct was anything save gentlemanly. One burly fellow who seemed to have forgotten that he was in a parlor and not a stable, deliberately threw himself into a deep easy chair, richly upholstered in velvet, and the springs creaked beneath his ponderous weight. Not satisfied with that, he put his feet upon the piano, his spurs scratching and bruising the highly polished wood with every movement. Then drawing forth a pipe he filled it with vile tobacco, and commenced to puff away, clouds of smoke filling the air. However, he was not long left to his coarse enjoyment, for the sergeant, a tall, fine-looking man, at that moment entered and catching sight of him, grew white with anger.

"Attention, gentlemen!" he called out, rapping sharply on the floor. "I want you all to remember that we are gentlemen, as well as soldiers. Also, don't forget that you are in a drawing-room, not a stable. The first man I find injuring an article in this house, I will have put under arrest without a moment's hesitation. The hospitality which has been extended to us, must not, it shall not be abused!"

The big loafer took his feet off the piano, and looking around at his comrades in a sneaking sort of way, proceeded to pull himself together and sit erect. The writer is not drawing on his imagination in order to portray the scenes described, for they actually occurred. Though I regret to have to say it there were numerous

cases where Union soldiers entered the houses of the wealthy Southerners, and ruined costly furniture, even taking away the old family silver and articles that were of no use to them whatever. However, such cases were the exception, not the general rule among our boys in blue.

Herbert Rainsford, trembling in his hiding place in the attic above, did not know what was going on below, but as time passed, he breathed easier. He knew that if there was any serious trouble, the faithful Nettie would let him know at once, and so he decided not to worry. The jolly, good-natured sergeant had gone to the great kitchen where old Aunt Dinah and Eliza with half a dozen to help them were preparing supper for the soldiers.

"Well, auntie, what are you going to give us good to eat?" he asked her, laughing.

"Go 'way dar, yo' Yankee man," she said, shaking her turbanned head. "Hain't yo' 'shamed yo'self comin' heah dis hour ob night an' makin' me get out ob my bed ter cook supper fo' yo'? I don't gib yo' anything but hoe cake an' lasses. Dat's good 'nough fo' yo'."

"Come, come, auntie, you surely would never be so hard-hearted as to let a lot of poor soldiers go hungry? I know you better than that. And look here, auntie, here is something I got expressly for you. I knew I was going to see you some time, so I just bought them all in a lump. You may divide with the other there if you like," and as he spoke he pulled out of his pocket a dozen gay silk handkerchiefs of various hues, bright enough to fill the heart of a negro with bliss, and gave them to Aunt Dinah.

"Fo' de good land's sake, honey, does yo' mean ter gib me dem handkerchiefs," she asked, throwing up both hands in amazement, while her eyes rolled about in her head with joy. "Go way, dar, yo' don't mean hit fo' shuah, does yo', honey?"

"Of course I mean it, auntie," he replied, laughing heartily, while Nettie and Eliza and all the others crowded around the fortunate Aunt Dinah to see her treasures, "and I hope you will like them, auntie."

"Like dem, honey," the old woman repeated. "Why, chile, dey am jest scrumptious, an' I'll neber fo'git yo', sah. Git away dar, yo' sassy debbils," to a pair of miniature Topsy's who snatched at the gorgeous silks, with a howl of greedy delight. "Git away dar, dey hain't fo' yo'. Dey's fo' de ole auntie, an' yo's too young fo' sich tings. Now, ef yo' don't jest took yo'self right outen my way I'll give yo' a whack ober dat niggah head dat'll make yo' bow-legged all de res' ob yo' life. Doan' yo' sass me, yo' young black imps, fo' I don't stan' it. Liza, ef yo' doan' make dem chillun min' yo'. I won't gib yi' one dese handkerchiefs de gentleman done gib me."

In less than two seconds there was a wail of anguish sent forth by two pair of lusty lungs, and two small bundles went flying across the room with Eliza in pursuit of them.

"Now, auntie, what do I get for supper?" asked the sergeant with a grin.

"Well, sah, yo' gits be bery best de house kin gib," she answered promptly. "Yo' kin bet on hit. Yo' gits chickens fried brown wif cream sass poured all ober dem. Den yo' gits ham, good ole ham, briled wif eggs laid on top of

hit, an' sweet taters roasted in de ashes wif deir bosoms busted an' filled full ob good butter, an' waffles, hot waffles wif plenty ob honey, an' coffee dat'll make yo' tink yo' am in heaben shuah. Dat's de best I kin gib yo', sah, but mighty sight bettah den not ennyting. An' I reckon dere's cheese, too, an' sass down in de cellah. Now, sah, do yo' tink yo' kin fin' 'nough ter fill yo' Yankee insides?"

"Why, auntie, the mere description of your supper has made my mouth water, and I can hardly wait until it is ready," he answered, with a laugh, "and I'll wager that you are the most famous cook in all Virginia."

The old negress tossed her turbanned head, and then the sergeant went back to his companions to await the appetizing meal being prepared for them. While they were thus engaged, Nettie slipped away for a moment, and went up to the attic, to tell her young master to remain quiet and not be frightened. Then she rejoined the other help in the kitchen, looking as innocent as a lamb. While he was lying in the attic unable to sleep, tender thoughts of the brother and sister who had deserted the cause for which he would have laid down his life came to Herbert Rainsford, and before he realized if he was weeping like a little child. He thought of their childhood days when hand in hand they roamed the green meadows together, never dreaming that they ever could be parted, and he felt as if he would give years of his life at that moment could he take his brother by the hand once more, or again fold his gentle sister to his breast while she pillowed her golden head upon his shoulder; and while his thoughts were thus with them he fell asleep, forgetting for the time the trouble and strife that surrounded him.

While he was hiding in his old home, Harold Rainsford, who was with another party, had run into a rebel ambush, and every man was taken prisoner. It was a small party, and the men into whose hands they had fallen were Mosby's guerrillas, as they were called by the Union men.

CHAPTER XII.—"He Must Not Die!"

With sinking hearts our boys in blue found themselves Mosby's prisoners. They knew they were in bad hands, and there were dire mutterings and dire glances cast at them. But they were determined not to give up, and gathering themselves together, they tried to be as cheerful as possible. One jolly fellow suggested that they sing, and the next moment their voices rang out clear and strong upon the night air, the spirited words finding echo in the hearts of them all, as well as in the valleys surrounding them:

"For we're marching to the field, boys, going to the fight,
Shouting the battle-cry of freedom.
And we bear the glorious stars for the Union
and the right,
Shouting the battle-cry of freedom.

Chorus.

"The Union forever, hurrah, boys, hurrah!"

Down with the traitor, up with the star,
For we're marching to the field, boys, going to the fight,
Shouting the battle-cry of freedom!"

As the last words died out in one wild burst of melody, a cheer went up from the lips of every man there—a cheer that came straight from the heart of them all—and then a surly-browed guard came to them.

"Colonel Mosby wants yous ter be still," he said with a scowl. "And he don't want no more of that rot. We uns hain't used ter sich truck nohow."

"Well, thin, bejabbers, and it's toime that yez larned a dacint song, for bad cess to yez, it's th' foinest song I iver heard at all at all," a jolly Irishman replied. "Shure, and it bates 'The Wearin' av th' Grane' all to bits. And faith if I don't belave I'm an American gintleman all th' way through, barrin' th' fact that I was born on th' ould sod across th' wather. Whin this war inds, shure an' I'll go home to Bridget and th' childer if there's wan leg av me left. If you Johnnies don't shoot me to bits, bad cess to yez, I'll see ould Ireland agin."

"If you uns sing agin Colonel Mosby will have you shot," the guard replied with a fierce scowl, enraged at the ripple of laughter that went round, provoked by the Irishman's wit.

"Shure, and whin I left dear ould Ireland, I thought I was comin' to th' Land av th' Free, but bad luck to th' divil, niver a bit av freedom have I seen since this blessed war broke out. If I start on a bit av a spree, shure and I'm chucked into th' guard-house, and there I'm fed on bread and water till I can see me own liver. Thin' when there's a fight on, I'm let out, wid th' prospect av havin' a bullet through me left lung inside av tin minutess. Bad luck to this country, but I wish I was back in ould Ireland wid Bridget and th' childer. I'd be raisin' foine pigs fur th' fair, and there would be plenty av whisky in th' jug beyond th' door, and potaties in th' cellar, and we'd all be as happy as bugs in a rug. Ah, why did I iver lave me home?"

"You came over, Pat, to get rich, and you're like thousands of others," one of his comrades remarked, in a laughing voice. "and that's what we're all after—money."

"And faith it's what we niver get," Pat answered, with a doleful shake of the head. "We're afther it, but whin we put our hand out to clutch, begorrah and it's gone away loike th' Dutchman's flea."

So in the midst of much laughter and joking the long night passed away and morning dawned. No one slept during the long dark hours, and in the morning rations were served to the men, who, hungry as they were, pushed them away untasted.

"What's the matter, Pat?" Harold Rainsford asked, with a smile, as he saw the Irishman gingerly fishing about in a battered tin cup. It contained a liquid supposed to pass for soup, and on the dirty-looking top floated some bacon rinds.

"Th' divil fly away wid me if I know what is th' matter, Misther Rainsford," Pat replied.

"But I'm blessed if I want more than me share av the good and bad things in this world."

"Why, what have you got now, Pat?" Harold asked, with a smile.

"Shure and th' Johnny Rebs must be afther thinkin' I'm th' captain av a ship, and they belave I'm wantin' a good supply, for I'll be blessed if I iver saw so many skippers at once in all me loife. Look at thim, Misther Rainsford, and tell me what th' divil I'm to do wid thim, bad luck to thim!"

Ere Harold could answer him the door of the log hut they were confined in opened, and a number of Confederate soldiers formed in line on either side of the doorway. Then the prisoners were ordered to be marched out, and as they wonderingly obeyed, Harold chanced to raise his head and look at the one nearest him. As he did so his heart gave a great leap, and then seemed to stop beating, for it was Arthur Wilkes into whose face he was gazing, and close beside him stood Dorothy, the girl he loved, and whom he had helped to escape but a few weeks before! And he heard her say below her breath in an agonized whisper:

"He must not die!"

CHAPTER XIII.—Saved!

A thrill that was almost terror shot through the young man's breast at those words, and he wondered what they were marched out in that style for. He had not long to wait, however, for, between two trees, he saw something swaying in the breeze that chilled the blood within his veins. That something was a rope swinging from a bough of one tree, and he no longer wondered what they were going to do with them. They were to be hung by the necks like a lot of dogs.

Afterward he learned why Colonel Mosby was in such a rage, for about three days before six of his men had been brutally murdered up in the mountains, their bodies riddled with bullets and mutilated in the most shocking manner, and he believed it to be this party who had committed the outrage.

"String them up," he roared, his face purple with rage. "String them up, the cowardly dogs, and let them see how Mosby deals with cowardly cut-throats and dogs who shoot a man when his back is turned. String them up!"

He forgot how many men he had shot when their backs were turned, and to the horror of the men three of their comrades were strung up, one after the other, before their eyes. Before the horrible deed was done, each one was asked to make a confession, being told that their lives would be spared if they told the truth.

"Tell them nothing, boys," one brave fellow said, standing proudly erect, his flashing eyes fastened defiantly upon the rebel leader's face. "For they mean to kill us anyway. No matter what we may say or do, they'll murder us in the end, and——"

The brave fellow never finished the sentence, for a revolver shone for a moment in the rebel chief's hand, and the next instant the soldier

of the North lay dead at the feet of his comrades, a bullet buried in his dauntless heart.

Dorothy, white with horror that she was never able to forget while she lived, remained silent as long as she could, and then, stepping up to Col. Mosby's side, she saluted him, saying respectfully:

"There is one man present, Col. Mosby, who is innocent of the charge preferred against him, and there he stands," pointing to Harold.

"How do you know he is innocent?" the rebel chief, whom everyone else feared, asked her. He was rather fond of the lad (as he believed her to be) who had done such good work as a spy, and he listened to him when he would no one else.

"Because he is not a Union man at heart," she answered, her heart throbbing so fiercely that she fancied he must hear it, a sudden mad thought darting into her head, a plan so mad, so daring, that she grew faint and dizzy, yet it was the only way by which she could hope to save the life of the man she loved. But oh! would he do as she wished? she asked herself trembling.

"Why is he in the blue uniform, then?" Col. Mosby asked, sternly.

"Because he was taken prisoner by the Unionists, and the only way he could hope to save his life was to pretend to join them," she answered, swallowing the big lump in her throat with an effort. "He was ordered to be shot as a spy, and rather than lose his life in that way, he decided to play a part in order to save himself. He belonged to the 7th Virginia Mounted Rifles, and I knew him at school. He is loyal to the cause," and that was all she said. Had her own life depended upon it she could not have spoken another word, and she gave Harold an appealing look that begged of him to bear her out in her story.

The love of life is strong within every man's breast, but it was not that which caused Harold Rainsford to substantiate Dorothy's story. It was because he realized the perilous position in which she had placed herself to save him. He knew the rebel chief would not hesitate to shoot her down with his own hand if he discovered that she had told him a falsehood, and he resolved to save her.

"What is your name?" Colonel Mosby asked, abruptly turning to him.

"George Richards," was the calm reply, "and what your man says is true."

"Very well; then you may step out of the line, but you are still a prisoner under guard, until I get a chance to question you. I am not satisfied. Take him back again to the guard-house."

So Harold Rainsford was saved, and by the girl he loved. Never before in all his life had he been so near death as he was at that time, and he could hardly realize that he alone was saved. Not one of the band taken prisoner the night before was spared—not even poor Pat, the jolly Irishman, whose good-natured face did not turn pale even when the rope was around his neck.

"Good luck to yez, me byes," he called out. "Shure, and I'll see yez shortly in a betther

world than this. I'm not afraid to die, thanks to me ould mother, who taught her bye to love and fear God, and He'll look afther——"

"Up with the Irishman!" Colonel Mosby shouted hoarsely, and thus poor honest Pat was swung off into Eternity. Harold, however, was spared that painful spectacle, and at last the horrible work was over with.

Whether Col. Mosby forgot about the prisoner in the guardhouse, or whether he had arrived at the conclusion that the story told him by his spy was true, will never be known, for he did not send for him at all. And late that night, when the guard was sleeping heavily, caused by a small flask of whisky Arthur Wilkes had given him, and into which he had dropped a drug to cause sleep, he stole past him and let his old friend go free.

"I play the part of a traitor to save a friend," he said, parting from him with a warm hand clasp. "God bless you, old man, and may He guard you into safety. You will find Dorothy waiting for you beyond the wood, and she will start you on the road to your own camp."

She was waiting for him just beyond the wood, and as he took her in his arms, a great hot tear fell from his eyes, resting upon her dark curly head. Neither spoke, for they dared not, but the long, lingering hand clasp she gave him, as she pointed down the road, spoke far more than words ever could have done. And once, as he turned and looked back, he saw her standing where he had left her, her slight figure in its trim uniform dimly outlined against the dark wood. That was the last he saw of her, and he hastened away, his eyes overflowing with tears, his heart with love, and gratitude toward her and his old friend Arthur. Friendship is indeed a flower that is hard to kill, crush it under your feet and it will blossom anew beneath the warmth of a smile or tender glance.

CHAPTER XIV.—Asleep at His Post.

Time passed by on swift, noiseless wings, and battle after battle was fought and won. Many were the brave lives that went out during those never-to-be-forgotten days, many were the homes made desolate, darkened forevermore; many were the hearts that broke when the sad tidings reached the old home. Wives, mothers, sisters, sweethearts received the sorrowful messages in silence, and after that life was never the same again. Harold's Rainsford's tent mate was a delicate, somewhat frail-looking boy, who did not seem cut out for a soldier, for indeed he was more like a girl. He was the only son of a widowed mother, and she adored him, as her letters to him would prove. Everyone he received was read to Harold, and the young man used to find himself longing for a mother's love, as he had never longed before in all his life.

"I never knew a mother's love, Willie," he said, to the boy who told him everything, "for my mother died when I was too young to know how dear she was to me. You are to be envied almost, for you do not know how blessed you are by fate."

"My mother has been the good angel of my life," his companion answered, softly, while his eyes glowed like twin stars. And many a time, when I have been tempted to do wrong, the memory of her gentle voice, her loving hand laid upon my head, would stop me from going further. Ever before me I seem to see her as on the night we parted, her dear, wrinkled face wet with tears, her gray head bowed in sorrow, because her boy was going away from her. Dear mother, God grant that my life be spared, so that I may see her once more, for it would break her heart were I to fall upon the battlefield. I am not a coward, and most willingly would I give my life for my country, but it is for mother's sake alone that I hope to be spared, for it would break her heart were I to be killed!"

There was the sound of tears in the boy's voice, and his lips quivered like a grieved child's. A sudden wave of tenderness swept through Harold's breast, for, after all, what was the pale youth but a child? He was a couple of years younger than Harold, but, of course, when he enlisted he had to say that he was much older than he really was.

"Never mind, Willie," Harold said, laying his hand upon his companion's shoulder. "Fate will surely be kind to you and allow you to return to your dear mother, for you deserve it. But are you quite well? You look paler than usual, it seems to me."

"I am not feeling as well as I would really like to, and, to tell the truth, I have not felt well for a few days past," the boy answered. "I never remember feeling so in all my life before; and it is now that I long for my dear old mother's love and care," he added, with a tremulous smile, looking as if he would enjoy nothing more than to burst into tears in order to relieve the homesickness at his heart. "But there, I always was a sort of a mother's boy—a calf, so the boys at school used to tell me—and I must get over it, and the quicker the better for me."

That was one reason why Harold was glad to have Willie Lee for his tent-mate, because the boy was shy and timid, and there were a great many in the company who were inclined to ridicule him because of his shrinking manner. Harold had liked him from the start, and at the same time he was sorry for him.

"You ought to be in bed, Willie," he said, kindly. "For you are certainly not able to sit up, you are as white as a ghost, and your hands are like fire."

"I would like to go to bed, but I cannot, for I have to go on sentinel duty to-night," Willie replied, with a tired smile. "And I am not sick enough to go to the company doctor. I had to see him only last week, and I am afraid he will think I am shamming. I dare say I shall be all right in a day or so."

"You are not fit to go on duty to-night, that is plainly evident," Harold said, with a firm shake of the head, "and you must not. I tell you what I'll do," he added as a sudden idea darted into his head. "I'll go in your place. I am well and strong, and I'll tell the colonel."

that you are not feeling well, and I have volunteered to fill your place."

So that night Willie Lee, ill and feverish, tossed restlessly to and fro upon his bunk, while his tent-mate went on duty in his place. Though Harold had insisted that he could not sleep, it was all he could do to keep his eyes open, for he had not had a wink of sleep for two days and nights. Time and time again his weary eyelids drooped and fell, but he always recovered himself with a start.

"I must not let myself fall asleep, for it is death," he muttered, at the same time thinking of his soft, luxurious bed at home. "And it is cowardly. I wonder where Dorothy is to-night, God bless her! She is the bravest, truest girl I ever met in all my life, and she loves me in spite of her outbursts of temper when we were home. Ah, if those days would only come again! If this cruel war were only at an end how happy we might be. God grant that it may soon end. But oh, the precious lives that will be sacrificed ere the fray is ended! The hearts crushed and broken, the eyes dimmed with sorrow's tears. It is terrible, heartrending!"

Another hour passed, and then another. With each one came the sentinel from the other post, and then the third time he passed that way his face grew pale, for there, with his head bowed forward upon his breast, slumbering as peacefully as though he were in his own bed at home, was Harold Rainsford. Forgetful alike of duty, the penalty of being found asleep at his post, the young man had at last been overpowered by Nature's demands which will be obeyed, and the soldier who discovered him sleeping knew he must report him. Hard as the task was, it must be done, and poor Harold seemed doomed. From dreams of his happy home and Dorothy, he was rudely awakened only to stare the stern truth in the face. Found sleeping at his post! Those were the words that appeared before his written in letters of fire!

CHAPTER XV.—Almost At the Last Hour.

The brief trial was over, and Harold Rainsford, the young soldier who had been found sleeping at his post, was condemned to be shot at sunrise the next morning. His good record was of no avail, the fact that he had taken the place of his comrade who was ill did not help him any. He had committed a greivous error, and he must pay the penalty with his life. He, Harold Rainsford, the son of a wealthy Southern gentleman, one of the heirs to a rich estate, he to be shot down at daybreak like a dog. It was hard to believe it, hard to realize it.

"I cannot think," he muttered, as he sat alone in the closely watched guardhouse. "It does not seem true that I am to die to-morrow. And yet it is so. There is no doubt of it. It is no dream. Ah, that it were a dream! That I could open my eyes and find myself in the old house, and I alone in my pleasant chamber with the silver moonbeams creeping in through the window, and the balmy night breeze touching my face. Then I would arise, and, going to the window, sit down there, and looking out into

the calm, fragrant night, silently thank God that it was a dream. How cheerful it would be, how comfortable and quiet. But no, it is no dream, and I must die on the morrow."

Lower and lower his head sank upon his breast, and it was not a sign that he was unmanly because a few, great burning tears welled up into his eyes, and rolled slowly down his cheeks.

"What will Virginia say?" he went on, huskily, arising and walking slowly up and down the floor. "Virginia, my sweet sister who is brave as any soldier in the company. Ay, what will she do alone in the world, poor girl, she, who is shy and shrinking, how will she be able to battle for her right when I am gone? Simon Lestrangle will cheat her out of her inheritance, I know it, I feel it, and I doubt very much whether she will ever be reunited with Arthur or Herbert again, for they have entirely different opinions. If I could only see Dorothy once more about my dear sister, I am sure she would help me, for she was so fond of her once. They were such good friends that I know she would see no harm come to her. Alas! I fear I must die without ever seeing her now. Poor girl! what a terrible blow it will be to her."

Sitting down upon the edge of the rude cot he lived over again his happy days that were spent in the society of his beloved twin brother, his sweet, gentle sister, and his cherished playmates, Arthur and Dorothy Wilkes. Again he saw the stream where they used to wade knee-deep in the crystal waters, shouting and laughing in merry glee, and just below the bend of the stream there was the deep, clear, still water where speckled trout used to dart to and fro, jeweled shafts. Then there were the shady nooks in the depths of the wood where the wild flowers bloomed, and by the spring the great clump of nodding, feathery fern. He could almost smell the perfume that floated up like incense, and in fancy he heard once more the soft murmur of the summer wind through the trees. Ah, happy days of youth so free from care, they would never come back again, they were gone forever, and he was doomed to die on the morrow!

He was aroused from his sorrowful reverie by hearing the key grate in the door, and as he arose to his feet Willie Lee entered and came toward him, his face pale as death, his eyes red and swollen from weeping. Harold held out his hand, and the boy grasped it, holding it tightly within his own, while his tears fell like rain. It was some time before he was able to speak, and Harold too was deeply affected.

"Oh, Harold, my dear, dear friend, it is on my account that you are here to-night," the poor boy whispered, huskily, choking back his sobs. "But for me, and you would be well and free, safe and happy. I feel as if I were your murderer!"

"Nonsense, Willie," Harold answered, trying very hard to be cheerful, but at the same time dashing away the tears that blinded his eyes. "You are no more to blame for my being here than your dear old mother is."

In a few moments after that they parted, the two comrades who were so different, and yet who were so fond of each other. One in tears, his heart overflowing with sorrow, the other pale

but calm, perfectly resigned to the fate which awaited him on the morrow.

CHAPTER XVI.—Pleading For A Brother's Life.

While Harold Rainsford lay in the guardhouse under the sentence of death, his brave sister was in the depths of despair. There was no hope for him now, for it was an offense that would never be pardoned. Being a rebel prisoner was an entirely different thing, for then there was some hope of escape. But now, alas! what was there now?

"I will go to Gen. Gorman myself," she said, resolutely, and with a flash of her brown eyes that showed her spirit. "I will tell him that I am a girl, and surely he will never be so unkind as not to listen to my prayers. I will kneel to him. He may imprison me if he will only be so good as to spare my brother's life. I am willing to suffer, but Harold's life must be saved. Ah, heaven; what would I do if he were taken from me, my dear, kind brother, who is my all. No, no, I will not think of it, for he must not die. It would break my heart. And—oh, I must lose no time, I must do at once."

General Gorman was surprised when Jake, his colored servant, appeared at his tent door, announcing with a bow:

"A gentleman to see yo', sah!"

"You may show him in, Jake. I'll see him."

When Virginia found herself in the presence of General Gorman her heart gave a great leap, and then seemed to stand still. She had always liked the general, at the same time she stood in fear of him, for she could not understand his abrupt ways, which concealed one of the kindest hearts that ever beat within a man's breast.

"You wanted to see me?" General Gorman asked crisply, looking from under his white, bushy eye-brows at Virginia, who, cap in hand, stood meekly before him, her eyelids lowered. "Well, sir, what can I do for you?"

"You can do a great deal for me, General Gorman," she replied, in a low voice that at first trembled with fear, but gradually grew stronger. "You can save the life of one dearer to me than anyone else in the wide world. In your hands rests his life, and it will go as you say."

"You are very fond of your cousin, it seems," he said slowly. "One would think he was your brother instead of your cousin, and——"

"He is my brother, General Gorman," she broke in with a smothered sob. "He is my brother, and I am here to save his life if I can. Oh, General Gorman! will not you aid me? You can save him, you know you can, and heaven will surely bless you for the good deed!"

"But why have you said he was your cousin when he was really your brother?" the general asked in amazement. "I fail to understand why you have hidden the fact that he is your brother, and told everyone you were his cousin. There is some mystery back of it that I do not understand."

"There is no mystery, General Gorman, only

that I have been obliged to pass myself for something I am not," she answered in a low voice, hanging her head while her fair face flushed hotly, "for I—I am a girl!"

CHAPTER XVII.—Reprieved.

"You are a girl, you say? Good heavens! are you insane, or are you playing a joke on me?"

"Neither, General Gorman," she replied slowly, less frightened now that the worst part was over with. "I am not insane, neither am I seeking to play a practical joke on you. I told you I was a girl, and it is true, I am Harold Rainsford's sister, not his cousin, and he will tell you so himself."

"Then what are you doing here in these togs?" the bluff old general asked her abruptly, looking at her dubiously, as if in fear she would do something strange. "Why in heaven's name don't you wear dresses like other girls? What are you doing with pants on? In the first place, what are you doing here, anyway?"

"I am here to serve my country in time of need, and I could not belong to a regiment dressed as a girl, so I decided to put everything else aside and aid the cause which I believed was right. My brother objected very strongly to my doing so, but I was firm, and I have done good work—have I not, General Gorman?"

"You have indeed done good work," the general answered in a kinder tone than usual. "What is your name?" he asked, kindly, a queer catch in his throat, his keen eyes suddenly growing dim, an usual occurrence for the stern old general.

"Virginia Rainsford," she answered simply, and then she said no more, but stood gazing at him wistfully, her lips parted eagerly.

"Say no more, my child," he said kindly. "I think you are a heroine, and if you were my daughter I should be proud of you. Be brave, and I will do all I can to save your brother."

Sleep did not visit Virginia's eyes that night, and when the dawn broke in the east, red and sullen, she wondered if the good old general had accomplished his mission. Then the muffled roll of the drums sounded in her ears, and a wild, new terror filled her heart.

"Has he failed, oh, my God! has he failed?" she panted desperately. "I cannot, I will not believe it, but I fear, I fear——"

A ringing cheer that seemed to rend the very skies went up from a hundred throats at that moment, and the drums ceased. Then she knew that he was saved, and in spite of her courage, she fell fainting to the floor, the word "Reprieve," the last thing she heard.

CHAPTER XVIII.—Back To the Old Home Again.

I will not attempt to describe the joy, the rapture, that filled Virginia's heart when she recovered and found her beloved brother safe. Then she forgot that she was a soldier, and her

woman's nature asserted itself, for as General Gorman informed her that his mission had been successful, she burst into a passion of tears that almost frightened the bluff old soldier who had faced death in so many different forms. In dismay he looked at her, feeling utterly helpless, and not knowing what to say. At last, however, he found his voice, and patting her curly head, he tried to soothe her.

"There, there, my child," he said, wondering how he could best comfort her. "Please don't cry, for you break me all up. And then there's nothing to cry for. Your brother is safe, and you have reason to laugh instead of crying. Now, if he had been shot, you would indeed want to sob; but be a good girl now and stop it."

The grim old general's eyes were suspiciously dim when she left him, and he gave a sort of sniff as he turned away.

"I don't know where in the devil I ever got this cold," he muttered gruffly, blowing his nose vigorously, at the same time wiping his eyes. "Must have been when I was sitting in the tent door, like the old fool that I am. One of these days I'll get a cold that will end me up lively, and then it will be all over with me. God bless me, did anyone ever hear of such a thing before—a slip of a girl with a face like a white rose, and a voice like a silver-toned bell, putting on breeches and enlisting for a bugler? But I never in all my life heard such music as those rosy lips of her can make. Hang it all, if I were a young man, and not a grizzled old war-dog, I'd fall in love with the little puss myself. Well, well, wonders will never cease, but thank the Lord I saved her brother's life, for if I had let them shoot him I would never have known another's day's peace. The look of sorrow in those brown eyes would have haunted me to the last hour of my life."

While the kind-hearted general lived he and Virginia were the best and firmest of friends. He never forgot the brave girl who had been in his regiment so long before he knew she was not a boy; during a battle when the color-bearer was shot down, she sprang forward, and seizing the grand old banner bearing the Stars and Stripes, waved it on high while bullet and shell whistled around her head, fearless and undaunted, while a mad cheer went up from the rest of the soldiers.

When the war was over they went back to the old home again to live and enjoy the luxuries wealth had bestowed upon them. Neither is it necessary for me to add that Simon Lestrangle and his worthy son and charming daughter went forth from the place they had sought to obtain possession of by fraud and dishonesty. The overseer's claim that the plantation was mortgaged to him beyond its actual value was laughed at in the courts, and the young heirs had no trouble in obtaining control of their property the villain had tried to rob them of.

roar of cannon, the whistle of shot and shell is heard no more. The war is ended, and after the fierce storm which has kept a tumult in the breast of the fair South for those long years, comes a blessed calm. The meeting between the twin brothers, who had fought against each other, was very affecting, and to-day, in the old Virginia home, there are two rusty sabers, both occupying the place of honor together, one that was wielded for the cause of freedom and right, the other in defense of the fair South. One for the blue, the other for the gray. Perhaps the most honored reminder of those times is a slight scar on Virginia Rainsford's white shoulder, the marks of a bullet wound she received when she rescued the glorious Stars and Stripes from being trampled into the ground under the feet of the soldiers. It will be there to the day of her death, and she is proud of it.

The past is forgotten, and peace reigns over all. Dorothy Wilkes and Harold Rainsford are once more reunited, as are Virginia and her dark-eyed lover, Arthur Wilkes. It is a happy time, and none are happier than the slaves whose freedom has been so dearly bought. Shortly after the young men came into possession of their rights they summoned all the slaves, and told them they were free men and women to go where they liked. An expression of blank amazement swept each dusky face, and for a moment they were silent. Then Uncle Tom, an aged negro, brother to poor old Uncle Ned, whom Simon Lestrangle had killed, took a step forward, saying brokenly:

"Where we done go, Marse Harold? What we do fo' ter make our livin'? We done git lost fo' shuah, an' we doan' want ter lebe yo', Marse Harold. We hab libed on de ole plantation eber sense we war chillun, an' we doan' want ter lebe it now."

"Then you shall all stay, since you wish it, my faithful people," the young man said, with tears in his eyes, for the devotion of the poor old slave touched him deeply. "You shall all stay on the plantation as long as you live, but remember that you are no longer slaves. You are free men and women, and every month you draw your salary."

Thus all the faithful people remained on the plantation, and life went on pleasant to them, a very different existence than when Simon Lestrangle was there, treating them like a lot of cattle. And when a few weeks later it was announced that a double wedding was about to take place their delight knew no bounds.

And while the happy souls, whose freedom was now theirs, sang down at the quarters, the betrothed couples sat in the soft Southern moonlight thinking of the bright future that stretched out before them, filled with hope and sunshine.

Next week's issue will contain "DICK DECKER, THE BRAVE YOUNG FIREMAN."

CHAPTER XIX.—Conclusion.

Once more Peace spread her white wings over all the land. The din of battle is hushed, the

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CURRENT NEWS

SHEEPMAN STRANGLED COYOTE

Grappling with a coyote that attacked him while he was alone with a band of sheep, Michael Tellechea, shepherd of Amadee, Cal., strangled the animal with his bare hands. In the struggle Tellechea was bitten on the hand.

ELEPHANTS RIP UP PIPES

Wild elephants have caused considerable difficulty on the Island of Sumatra during oil development work, as these animals seem to have taken a special dislike to the pipe lines laid above ground through the jungles, and have repeatedly torn them up, so that gangs of men are kept busy repairing the damage.

WILL SEEK PIRATE GOLD

A syndicate to recover "pirate gold" is being formed in Cape May, N. J., according to Jay E. Mecay, Cape May business man, its organizer. There are thousands of dollars' worth of gold in the hulk of a Spanish vessel which sank off Turtle Cut Inlet a century ago, according to Mr. Mecay.

The vessel, the Matizaneros, was manned by pirates en route from southern waters to New York, Mr. Mecay said, and a gale drove the ship on the shoal, about seven miles north of Cape May.

DOG PRISONER SHOT

After their owners had several times risked death, dangling in midair at the end of a 400-foot rope in an effort to rescue them, two fox hounds which had become imprisoned in a crevice far down the side of Stone Mountain, Ga., were shot to save them for starvation.

The dogs went over the edge of the gigantic rock several days before while chasing a fox and slipped with but slight injury into a crevice several hundred feet down the side.

W. O. and Ronald Venable, owners of the dogs, procured ropes and let themselves off into space in vain efforts to reach the crevice.

SENATE PAGES GET A TREAT

"Do any of you boys want to go to the ball game?" inquired Senator Rawson of Iowa, as he passed a small group of Senate pages the other afternoon.

"Yes," replied all the youngsters at once.

"Then all of you may go," said Wawson, handing them a \$20 bill. As a result twenty pages went to the game.

When the circus comes to town Senator Elkins of West Virginia will be host to the pages. In this kindly office he succeeds Senator Phelan of California, who always took the boys with him to the circus.

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— OR —

HOW DAN SAVED HIS GOOD NAME

By WILLIAM WADE

(A SERIAL STORY)

CHAPTER X.—(Continued.)

The door had been left open when the manager escorted his visitors in, and now the rascal made a straight rush for it.

Of all who saw the move, Dan was the one who realized that the rascal might make his escape the instant that he placed his hands on the partition rail, and Parsons' feet had not touched the floor before Dan was also over the rail and rushing for the open door towards which the villain was making as fast time as possible.

Dan beat him to the door, turned, and faced him, and with a muttered curse, the rascally operator struck at him, thinking to knock him from his path, but his blow was met with the proper sort of block, and then it was returned with such rapidity that Parsons did not even see it coming.

Dan's left fist landed on the side of Parsons' jaw, and he went down to the floor with a crash. Instantly the room was in an uproar.

Over the railing came Dan, and close behind him the detective, and when the latter reached the side of the prostrate man he took a pair of handcuffs from his pocket and snapped them on Parsons' wrists.

Then the fellow was helped to his feet, and stood gazing at Dick and Dan as though they had been spirits instead of very husky boys.

"Oh, yes," said Dan, understanding the look, "we got out of prison, and you're going in."

"That's right," said Rederton, as he took his man by the arm and conducted him out of the room and down the stairs, "and it depends on himself as to the length of time he goes in for. If he wants to help out in this matter and give us the information we want, we may let up on him to a certain extent, but if he's obstinate he'll get a term of years that will keep him out of the telegraph business until his hair is white."

They got into the automobile again, and the driver was ordered to go back to the agency. There the prisoner was taken into Rederton's private office, and the chief sat down in a chair and took a seat opposite.

"Now," he said, "we've got you dead to rights on an abduction charge that will send you up for ten years, and which these two young men can establish against you without difficulty, so you'd better do what you can to help yourself. The first thing we want to know is whether the other man in the conspiracy has left town yet?"

CHAPTER XI.

Drury and Dale Learn Something About Slippery Sam Cash.

Parsons merely looked the detective in the eye and said nothing.

"Well, are you going to talk?" asked Rederton.

"It's a very nice day," said the prisoner with a grin.

"It'll be a nice day when you get your sentence for abduction," growled Rederton. "Where is your pay in this job?"

"I think it's entirely too warm for snow," said the prisoner, looking up at some engravings on the office wall.

Rederton gave him one long glance, and then pressed a button in the desk, and an attendant appeared.

"Take this man and turn him over to the police," he said, "and then let two of our best men go to the address that these young men will give you, and bring back the man they find lying bound on the floor in a room at the top of the house, and who answers to the name of Bill."

He shot a keen glance at Parsons as he said this, but the latter continued his inspection of the engraving as calmly as though he had no interest in anything else.

Parsons was taken away, and then Rederton turned to the boys.

"That rascal will not talk because he sees that I do not know him, and he is taking chances on you two for this reason. He reasons that you will believe from what has taken place that Carrington will put Chicago as far behind him as he can, and do it as quick as he can, and that you will be in such haste to follow him, if a clue presents itself as to the route he has taken, that you will not care to waste the time necessary to make and prove a charge of abduction against him, and he's about right. However, the police will have him in their hands now, with all that I have learned against him, and they will make an investigation that may answer the purpose of sending him to jail. Now for the principal in the business.

"He said that he only wanted three days in which to get far away, and while that might mean Omaha or San Francisco, I am inclined to think that it means London or Paris, for these cities are not only the havens for big thieves with a big haul, but they also have the 'fences,' as the receivers of stolen goods are called, who have the cash to pay out for such stuff as you say this Carrington has in his possession.

"That is my idea of the matter, and if you can furnish me with a minute description of the man I'll at once send my men out to search the city for him, scouring the resorts of such rescals, and with four of them on the job I will have a report in an hour."

(To be continued.)

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ITEMS OF INTEREST

PEARLS FROM FISH SCALES

In Fleeton, Va., they have employed a French woman, who is engaged in making imitation pearls from the essence of fish scales. She is said to have made some fine specimens of "pearls."

This new and novel enterprise is attracting considerable attention. The fishermen are being paid 10 cents a pound for the fish scales.

The scales of only certain species of fish are good for this purpose, such as shad, river herring and sea herring having value. The last year, it is said, six tons of alewife scales alone were collected and sold.

LARGEST NUT CROP

The largest nut crop Asia Minor has produced in eight years is harvested and ready for shipment from Constantinople. Fully a third of the crop, which is chiefly filberts, will go to America, while the balance will remain in Turkey.

Much of the crop is grown in the interior and brought to Trebizend by nomad camel trains. Shelled filberts are sold here at about 3 cents a pound, competing successfully with all other food products. The nuts are used as both vegetable and dessert.

300 MILES ON 5-CENT FUEL

Three hundred miles by an automobile on a gallon of fuel costing 5½ cents. That is the claim H. H. Elmer, treasurer and general manager of the Globe Malleable Iron and Steel Company of Syracuse, N. Y., makes for an engine designed by himself, revealed to the directorate of the company at its annual meeting recently. Internationally known engineering experts, including Arthur West, chief engineer of the Bethlehem Steel Corporation, have inspected Mr. Elmer's engine and are said to have pronounced it hundreds of years ahead of the times.

The fuel used is oil, either mineral, animal or vegetable. No ignition or carbureter is used. The principle of the discovery is based on the chemistry of oil, according to Mr. Elmer.

MICHIGAN MAN'S BEARD NINE FEET LONG

The long whiskered championship of the world is claimed by John J. Tanner, 84, for more than half a century a resident of Brighton, Mich.

His beard measures exactly nine feet from chin to tip. Ordinarily Mr. Tanner controls it by thrusting the end inside the band of his trousers.

More than fifty years ago, when Mr. Tanner's beard was only two or three feet in length, he decided to seek the championship. To this end he braided his beard and tucked it inside his vest. The whiskers soon attained proportions making the braiding impracticable.

Ten years ago Mr. Tanner's beard was six feet long. Five years ago two feet more had been added and now it measures nine. The owner hopes to attain a growth of twelve feet.

STUNG BY BEE, DIES IN HOUR

Stung on the right temple by a honey bee the other morning Harry Collard, a farmer living four miles from Caldwell, N. J., died half an hour later. After returning from town, where several of his friends remarked that he seemed in perfect health, Mr. Collard began chopping wood. A few minutes later he hurried to the house, telling his wife that he had been stung by a bee.

Mrs. Collard discovered the stinger and extracted it. As her husband's pain seemed to increase she set out for the nearest house to telephone for a physician while his sister, Miss Matilda Collard, applied first aid.

The sick man's neck began to swell. He soon lapsed into unconsciousness and died before a physician arrived. Coroner Thomas J. Lewis said death was due to a stroke of apoplexy caused by the shock of the insect's sting and a weak heart.

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THE MIDSHIPMAN'S PERIL

By PAUL BRADDON

The Wildcat had been on a long and adventurous cruise, when she dropped anchor off one of the many uninhabited island of the Archipelago.

A party was sent ashore to seek for water. They were commanded by a midshipman, and consisted of six whites and two negro sailors.

One of the latter—the crew's cook—accompanied the party with much evident reluctance.

"Now, then, you lazy skunk, jump out and roll up that water cask!" said the midshipman, accompanying his orders with a kick on the cook's shins.

"What fo' you do dat, Massa Hardy? Sunbeam no skunk."

"Don't answer me; be off."

"Luff, ye swab!" growled the quartermaster, helping Sunbeam out of the boat.

Sunbeam's eyes rolled and his teeth shone, but he said never a word then.

The party drew up the boat and at once moved inland.

The island was a little land of luxury and beauty, and the men were nothing loath to idle a few hours away, and so looked very indifferently for the water they had been sent for.

"We must separate," said Midshipman Hardy; "go in pairs, you, and make a circle of four miles, returning here if you do not discover water. If you do, the first man who has the luck must fire his pistol. Sunbeam, you keep with the quartermaster."

The day was closing in, and Mr. Hardy was afraid of having to return without the precious fluid, or make a night of it on the island.

He, at least, was zealous in prosecuting his search.

But the dim dusk had come on before he had made any discovery, and then he found himself on the edge of a ravine, and alone.

His companion had lagged behind, or purposely slipped away.

"Confound him!" he muttered, and then charmed with the glorious view before him, stood in charmed reverie until darkness shut out the view from his gaze.

Drawing his pistol he fired in the air, and replaced the weapon in his belt.

Some startled birds flew past him, creating a loud noise among the trees. Then again the place was still as a churchyard.

"Two to one," he said, inwardly, "I shall not find my way back—what's that? Surely there are no wild animals here?"

He was turning around, when something struck against his ankles, or his feet got entangled in something.

He was too bewildered to know which, and his bewilderment deepened into horror when he found himself being thrown violently backward in the direction of the chasm on whose brink he had lingered.

"My!" he cried. "It is death to fall down here!"

He made a grab at the fragile bushes that lined the brink of the chasm with both hands, and then uttered a cry.

"Monster!" was his shout; "who are you?"

He felt himself being literally dragged over the ravine. He struggled madly to regain his position.

But his legs and body were hanging in space. The fragile bushes gave way beneath his weight, and with a silect plunge he went rolling down into darkness—dead to all bodily pain now, perhaps dead to the world.

"Mates, it's kinder queer Mr. Hardy don't come back; that's the second gun from the ship," said the quartermaster.

"Very; but hallo! here somes Sunbeam."

"Ay—ay; but he's alone."

Sunbeam, looking hot and terrified, and trembling like a beaten cur, sneaked up to the boat.

The quartermaster looked him square in the face.

"Where did you get to, you lubberly nigger—eh? You give me the slip; where's Mr. Hardy?"

"Golly, how I know? I lose my way."

"You lie! You've been up to some devil's work; bring him along, boys, and let's signal for Mr. Hardy. You stay and look to the boat, Charley."

Charley was the negro sailor.

Silently they marched back into the interior, firing a pistol at short intervals.

No answer came! at last their ammunition was exhausted.

The quartermaster called his mates aside.

"Mates, what shall we do about it?"

"Scare the darned nigger till he owns up. I believe he's knocked Hardy on the head."

"How shall we scare him?"

"Dig a hole and bury him," suggested one.

The quartermaster turned to Sunbeam.

"Look here, you black cuss, jest pay out, and tell us what you done with Mr. Hardy, or I'll be derned if we won't bury yer alive."

Sunbeam still swore solemnly that he knew nothing of Mr. Hardy, and the more he swore to it the more the men doubted him.

"Dig the hole, mates," said the quartermaster.

The men set to work, while the quartermaster stood over Sunbeam with drawn cutlass.

The negro never believed for an instant that these men would dare to put their threat into execution.

Half an hour of quaking and shaking, during which he was repeatedly asked to confess.

The hole was deep enough, the men thought, and he was dragged toward it.

His howls rang out so loudly that one of the men effectually gagged him.

His legs were bound, his hands lashed to his sides, and they shoved him into the hole and filled it in.

His head and shoulders were above the level, but this did not matter much.

"It'll give him a chance to see around, it will, an' watch for the wolves an' the like," said the quartermaster. "Good-night, an' we hopes you'll enjoy it."

Then the gag was removed, the ends of his preposterously huge collar pulled up over his ears, an old felt hat—the pride of his heart—jammed

on the crown of his woolly head, and the party moved off.

While they were in hailing distance the quartermaster continued to ask:

"Where's Mr. Hardy? Are ye goin' ter tell us?"

But Sunbeam, with the cunning of his race, remained silent. He fondly expected that they would soon come back, believing his assertion and release him.

But they did not. They put off and rowed back to the ship, and reported.

"Mr. Hardy missing, sir; an' we can't make out what's come o' Sunbeam."

"Very well, we must wait till morning, and send a party to look for them."

Thus Sunbeam was left in the darkness and solitude of that deserted island.

They had buried him where the soil was sandy and soft, with nothing to obstruct his view of the shore, a prey to the most awful and heart-sickening terror.

He cried aloud to them to come back, but when by the flashing of lights on the distant vessel's deck he knew the boat had returned, his incessant howls were simply inhuman.

His terrified imagination conjured up all kinds of horrible shapes and figures, among them the shadowy form of young Hardy.

"I didn't do it; go 'way! Oh, gor'amighty, go 'way!" he screeched, shutting his eyes and sobbing till the glands of his throat grew parched and swelled so that he lost his voice, and his head fell forward in unconsciousness.

The light of day brought with it some sense of relief from the horrors of the night, but a raging thirst seized him, and to his dismay he beheld the Wildcat sailing away round the island.

* * * * *

"Mr. Gary," said the captain of the Wildcat, as the sun arose, "go ashore, and look for Mr. Hardy and that thieving scamp, Sunbeam."

"Yes, sir," said the youthful officer, Mr. Gary.

"Scour the island; he must be found, dead or alive."

Gary saluted, and the boat pushed off. When they landed he divided his party, taking Charley with him.

He had not proceeded far when his ears were saluted with a series of dreadful yells.

Charley became all eyes, and his teeth chattered.

"What dat, Massa Gary?"

"We'll soon find out—sounds like a human voice somewhat."

"Not a bit, sar; more like debbil."

"Nonsense," smiled Gary; and he walked on in the direction where the sounds came.

"Good heavens, why, it's Sunbeam, buried alive."

The unhappy Sunbeam was so excited, and his feelings so overwrought, that he scarcely seemed to recognize his friends, and continued to perform the most ludicrous facile contortions, and cry in a low, hoarse way as if he were rapidly expiring.

Gary signaled to some of the men, who at once joined him; they looked guilty, and let the cat out of the bag.

Gary's eyes flashed.

"By heavens, I'll leave you here to die unless you tell me what you did with Mr. Hardy."

Unable to bear the sufferings any longer, Sunbeam said he would tell him if he had a drink of water.

He had water, and was dragged out of the hole, but could not stand.

He told them where the ravine was, and said they would find Mr. Hardy down there.

Gary hastened away with a beating heart; the lad, Hardy, was his dearest friend, and his heart bled at the thought of possibly finding him dead.

Arriving at the ravine, what was his joy to see Hardy sitting by the stream, pale and haggard from pain, and bandaging his leg.

Maimed, but not killed, after all. He was carried tenderly on board and the story told, but the fearful night of being buried alive so preyed upon Sunbeam that young Hardy begged the captain not to punish him any further.

"Besides," he added, "it taught me a lesson, sir, to be a little more forbearing with those beneath me," as it did; while Sunbeam eschewed not only stealing but lying; thus was it a wholesome lesson after all, and he never forgot being buried alive.

BLACK-HEADED SEA BIRD'S LONG FLIGHT

Starting from a small solitary island near Japan, a black-headed albatross followed the steamship Wenatchee across the north Pacific for six days and seven nights, until it became an object of unusual interest among both passengers and crew and several big wagers as to its length of flight and duration of strength.

A too hearty breakfast tossed to it, by a passenger at the big odds end of a wager, caused the albatross to turn back on the seventh morning.

The Wenatchee is a new boat and in the open sea averaged seventeen knots per hour, but the storm bird did not tire. At times it freshened up somewhat and flew in great circles around the steamer. Because of its peculiar black head, in contrast to the natural silver-white plumage, the albatross was easily distinguished from others also in the wake of the big ship. One very stormy day the wind roared in a gale beating the ship with snow, hail and rain, but through the troubled elements the albatross flew alongside of the Wenatchee, sometimes screaming shrilly. Many on board believed the bird alighted in the rigging at night, but the crew at the watches declared they observed the albatross flitting at intervals through the rays of the cabin's lights.

Meat and bread tossed to the bird during the day was picked from the waves without the great wings being furled. For six days and seven nights the race kept all at fever heat with excitement, and when 3,000 miles from the Japanese island and following a greedy breakfast of meat and fish the albatross turned abruptly and was lost in the distant horizon. The Wenatchee was 1,900 miles from the nearest Alaska point, but the great storm bird is believed to have gone straight home.

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NEW YORK, MAY 24, 1922

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INTERESTING ARTICLES

MOUSE TRACKS IN SNOW

Prince William of Sweden obtained during his African hunting trip a fine zoological collection for the Royal Museum of Stockholm. In climbing great volcanoes to an altitude of 13,000 feet, says the Scientific American, he found snow on which were tracks of mice, although intense cold prevailed there.

80 PER CENT. OF WORLD'S AUTOS IN UNITED STATES

There are 12,588,949 automobiles in the world, according to the most reliable statistics obtainable, and with 463,448 Canada takes third place in possession among all countries, following the United States and Great Britain.

The United States is estimated as having 10,505,660 and Great Britain 497,582.

THE WORLD'S RICHEST GOLD REEF

Now that attention is being called to the Transvaal gold industry by the strike of the white miners on the Rand, it may be interesting to describe what the Johannesburg gold reef is really like.

Its developed area stretches from Johannesburg to Heidelberg, a distance of about forty miles, and from the top of some high building you may trace it clearly by the enormous mounds of white tailings, up to 3,000,000 tons in weight, that are dotted along its length.

They lie bleached and glaring in the sun, the fine dust of their surface blowing in the wind, and though attempts to grow grass upon them have been made, all have failed through the action of the cyanide with which they are impregnated.

The battery "stamps" are never silent. Night and day they are pounding up the rock, and there are certain spots in Johannesburg where you can hear them as you lie in bed in the stillness of the early hours like the regular beat of distant waves.

And sometimes, too, you will hear the muffled rumble of falling rock that shakes the houses and curiously resembles a genuine earthquake. Indeed, the mines in Johannesburg itself are now

mostly used up, and year by year the industry shifts farther to the east.

The mines themselves are like so many self-contained towns. A large mine, for instance, will employ 20,000 men and have a completeness of equipment both above and below the surface that is astonishing.

I have traveled 3,000 vertical feet into the earth at forty miles an hour in one of these mines and have found down there elaborate pumping machinery, electric trains, a crowd of men going about their business as if on the surface.

And above the hoisted rock is being pounded into powder, is passing over the mercury-coated slime-boards, is gradually being made to give up its treasure.

And then, of course, there is the social side of the mine, the trim quarters for the whites, the native compound with its up-to-date kitchens and bakehouse, the hospital accommodation. Yes, each mine is, as far as possible, complete in itself.

The final thing they show you when you visit a mine is the finished article. That is to say, when you have observed the whole vast complex energy of the machine they point out the results in a few bars of dull yellow metal.

I had heard some vague rumor that if you could lift one of them and carry it away you get it as a present, but I was hastily disillusioned before I could make the attempt. Perhaps they saw the look of desperate determination in my eyes.

LAUGHS

Willie—Paw, what is the age of discretion?
Paw—That's when a man is too old to have any fun, my son.

"How are you feeling to-day?" asked the physician. And the man with the gout murmured, painfully: "I can't kick, doctor."

Employee—I would like more salary. I am going to get married!
Employer—Sorry, but I'll have to reduce it. I am going to get married myself.

He—Do you think kissing is as dangerous as the doctors say?
She—Well, it has certainly put an end to a good many confirmed bachelors, at any rate.

"My husband had to wait nearly an hour while I got ready, but he never complained a bit. "Then he's different from mine. Where were you going?" "Shopping."

Gibbs—So your wife quarreled with you. I thought you said she was blind to your faults?
Dibbs—She was blind to them, all right, but she wasn't deaf, and the neighbors posted her.

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FROM ALL POINTS

CHICKENS IN MAIL

None the worse for thirty-six hours of travel in disagreeable weather, 1,200 baby chicks were received at the Sioux City, Iowa, post-office the other morning from Central Hall, Pa. The chicks were delivered to C. Roma, No. 3501 Pearl street. According to Postmaster W. H. Jones, this is the largest single consignment of chicks ever sent through the post-office here. The chicks were in a pasteboard box containing many small perforations for air.

FIVE HUGE GORILLAS BAGGED

After six months of tracking gorillas through the jungles of equatorial Africa, Dr. Carl E. Akeley is back in New York, not a member of his party missing. On board a freighter following him from the Belgian Congo is his baggage—the shaggy hides of five monstrous gorillas.

Besides the coats of his victims, the big game hunter is bringing back a number of extraordinary photographs and some precious data for the American Museum of Natural History. Being also a taxidermist, he expects to mount the gorilla skins.

This Simian quintet, says Dr. Akeley, will surpass any group of its kind in the world. He bagged all five in that wild region west of Lake Victoria Nyanza at the easternmost extremity of the Congo, where never a white woman had been seen until Dr. Akeley's party entered.

The gorillas were not savage, reports Dr. Akeley. It was rather poor sport shooting them. The explorer got far more joy out of clicking a movie camera at them. The beasts often ran into hiding when the camera clicked, never threatening to attack him with any of that savage ferocity usually attributed to gorillas.

In Dr. Akeley's party, which returned on the White Star liner Baltic, was little Alice Hastings Bradley, 6 years old, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Herbert E. Bradley, of Chicago. She was the first white child the natives of the Congo belt had ever seen. They especially fancied her long golden curls, which—much to the surprise of one African chief—didn't come off. He thought that her coiffure, like that of his women, was detachable.

The women in Dr. Akeley's party—Miss Martha Miller, Mrs. Bradley and Miss Priscilla Hall—wore Khaki shirts, trousers and puttees. They did not suffer from the heat, since the gorilla land was high in altitude. Mrs. Bradley says she felt much safer there than she does here, dodging Broadway motor cars.

OLYMPIC GAMES IN HISTORY

The foundation of the Olympic games dates so far back into antiquity that it is legendary, being attributed to Hercules, Pelops and other myths of ancient Greece. The games took their name from Olympia, the place where they were held.

The Olympic games became the most famous of the national festivals of the Greeks. They partook of the nature of a modern world's fair;

envoys were sent throughout the kingdom to invite the States to send contestants and do honor to the god Zeus. People gathered from all quarters, bringing with them sacrifices for the gods, and vying with one another in the splendor and munificence of their offerings. Merchants and traders from far and near took advantage of the occasion to reap a harvest; even poets, orators and artists, who were held in greater reverence than they are to-day, were there to sell their works and to advertise themselves to the world. It is interesting to compare the modern athletic field and its crowd of "rooters" with the sacred surroundings of the ancient Greek contests, which were started off with a sacrifice to the idol gods. The centuries seem to shrink, the lapse of time becomes less overpowering, and the dim past is brought nearer to us, when we realize that in the year 1920 A. D. there is being continued in Antwerp an institution that originated more than 2,100 years ago.

The qualifications for entrants in the Olympic games required them to be of Greek descent and free from "taint of impiety, blood guiltiness, or grave breach of the laws." All contestants were required to train faithfully for ten months preceding the games, the last month being on the grounds under the supervision of the officials. The first day of the "meet" was taken up with sacrifices to the various gods and to taking the oaths; the officials swore to judge fairly and the contestants swore that they had observed the rules for training and would compete fairly. The rules in the various contests were not the same 2,000 years ago as they are to-day; in wrestling, for example, all that was required for a decision was to throw the opponent to the ground three times. Boxing was no ping-pong party; at one stage of its development the contestants wore leather thongs weighted with chunks of metal; this "boxing glove" was called the cestus; the contest, however, seems to have been one of exhaustion rather than of slugging. The pentathlon ("penta" meaning five) consisted of running, jumping, wrestling, throwing the discus and the javelin; the run was one stadion in length; the jumping was for distance, probably a hop, step and jump, as one of the ancients cleared fifty-five feet; the javelin was a light spear thrown by means of a strap attached to it; the discus was likely heavier than at present, the ancient Greek record being about 100 feet.

The victors in the ancient Olympic games received only a crown of wild olive leaves; their true reward came when they returned to their home towns, where they were received as conquering heroes, driven into the town in triumph in a chariot through a breach in the walls (the ordinary gate not being good enough for them), with pretty Greek maidens strewing flowers in their path, women singing songs of praise and everybody in general giving them welcome.

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GOOD READING

GOLD BARS FOR POLAND

Gold bars, diamonds and other precious stones valued at 10,000,000 gold rubles, or approximately \$5,000,000, have been received by the Polish Government from Soviet Russia in lieu of rolling stock due Poland by virtue of the Riga peace treaty of 1921. This is the second installment, the first payment of gold and precious stones having been made last December. The shipment came in special cars convoyed by armed guards and upon its arrival in Warsaw the gold and stones were placed in vaults of the Polish Government bank.

ODD FACTS ABOUT NEW YORK

The amount of water used daily by the people of the greater city would make a lake which would be exactly one mile long, half a mile wide and seven feet deep. In other words, it is 740,000,000 gallons.

The number of persons walking up and down Fifth avenue at Forty-second street in the daytime averages about 13,000 to the hour. The official figures are, 129,930 for the ten hours between 8:30 a. m. and 6:30 p. m. The vehicles passing at the same time number 14,182. The pedestrians passing up and down Broadway at Forty-second street during the same ten hours averages 111,306, and the vehicles number 16,280. On Fifth avenue, at Thirty-fourth street, the pedestrians number 71,500 and the vehicles 16,930.

The total length of Manhattan Bridge is two miles less 1,230 feet. Williamsburg Bridge is 7,200 feet and the old Brooklyn Bridge is 6,537 feet.

The wharves and docks of New York, not including those on the New Jersey side, number 713.

Place all the streets of the greater city end to end and it is safe to say you would have a street that would reach across the continent. The streets of Manhattan, a borough which is more "confined" than some of the others, have an aggregate length of 186.5 miles.

The number of dead bodies found in the city in 1920 was 554, of which 470 were males. All of these were unknown when found, but nearly all were later identified. The persons reported missing in the same year were 6,670, nearly all of whom were traced by the police. Inquiries for many others were made, but the number stated are regarded as the actual missing.

The deepest part of New York Bay is at the southern end of the Narrows. The depth there is 109 feet. In some places out some distance from shore it becomes as shallow as fifteen feet. The greatest depth of the Hudson opposite the Battery is fifty-two feet. It is from fifty-two to fifty-seven feet deep opposite Central Park. Opposite Fifty-ninth street in the river the depth to bedrock is 125 feet, but about seventy-five feet of mud and silt lie on this bedrock under the water.

In round figures and allowing for the changes

wrought by tides the width of the Hudson opposite the Battery is 1,500 yards; at Fifty-ninth street it is 1,200 yards, and at Fortieth street 1,400 yards.

The city government owns or leases 2,900 buildings, whose annual lighting bill amounts of \$918,916. The electric bulbs for these buildings alone cost about \$100,000 annually, according to the officials of the Lighting Department.

ORIGIN OF SEA TERMS

The origin of many nautical terms undoubtedly will surprise many of us. Take the word Admiral. How many people think of it, except as a thoroughly English word; yet its origin is *Emir le Bagh*, Arabic for "Lord of the Sea." Captain comes direct from the Latin *caput*, a head; but the word mate owes nothing to any dead language, being almost identical with the Icelandic *mati*, which means a companion or equal.

Originally coxswain was the man who pulled the after oar of the captain's boat, then known as a cock boat. "Cock boat" is a corruption of the word coracle, and the coracle is a small round boat used for fishing. So coxswain comes to us from the Welsh. Commodore is the Italian *Comandatore*, or commander, and naval cadet was originally the French *capdet*, which, going a step further back, has the same origin as the word captain.

We frequently hear of "Davy Jones." There never was such a person; but speak of "Duffy Jonah's locker" and you have the original term. "Duffy" is the West Indian negro term for spirit or ghost, while "Jonah" refers to the prophet of that name. "Dog watch" comes from "Dodge" watch. This "Dodge" is to enable the men to "dodge" being on duty every day at the same hours.

Three thousand years ago rope was made from bulrushes, the Latin name for which is *juncus*, so we have the nautical term "junk" for a rope's end, and the sailors carry the word a step further, and call their meat "junk." The words starboard and larboard (the latter known as port to-day) have developed in an interesting manner. Starboard has nothing whatever to do with stars, but really is steoar board, Anglo-Saxon for steer side, because when the old galleys were used they were steered by an oar fixed to the right hand side of the stern, and the inboard portion was held by the helmsman in his right hand. Larboard is probably a corruption of lower board or side, as it originally was considered inferior to the starboard.

"Jury mast," which sounds as if it had something to do with a law court jury, is quite innocent, although both words come from the same *jour*, the French for "day." Jury mast thus means a mast that is put up temporarily—for a day—just as jury in the legal term implies a tribunal summoned for a short period only.

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